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# THIRTY YEARS OF MY LIFE ON THREE CONTINENTS.

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# THIRTY YEARS

OF MY LIFE

# ON THREE CONTINENTS

BY

EDWIN DE LEON

FORMERLY DIPLOMATIC AGENT AND CONSUL-GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA IN EGYPT

WITH A CHAPTER

*ON THE LIFE OF WOMEN IN THE EAST*

BY MRS. DE LEON

IN TWO VOLUMES—VOL. II.

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# THIRTY YEARS

OF MY

# LIFE ON THREE CONTINENTS.

## CHAPTER I.

Inside Confederacy—The Rebel Capital—President Davis and Secretary Benjamin send me through Blockade to Europe as Special Envoy—My Program—Go to Wilmington—What a Confederate Cotton Blockading Port was like—Curious Contrasts—Earl of Dunmore as a Blockade Breaker—The Steamer *Theodora*, "Pirate Maffitt," ordered to take me Across—How we Managed it under Fire, and reached Nassau.

It is not my purpose to dwell on the history of the Southern Confederacy, or to describe men and things at the Rebel Capital. It is too early

or too late to do either impartially, or with decent regard for the susceptibilities of many of the chief actors who still survive.

In his "Four Years in the Rebel Capital," my brother, T. C. De Leon, has given a most graphic and truthful account of the interior life of the Rebel Capital, during its brief term of existence as such; and numerous memoirs have been published, by the participants in the quarrel. The next generation will probably compile a full account from these and other materials; but for the moment the subject is exhausted.

I shall, therefore, only briefly state, that having applied to President Davis for a commission in the army, he replied that he had plenty of men fit for army work, but very few qualified for foreign diplomatic service; and that as he thought my talents lay rather in the latter than in the former line, he promised they should be promptly utilized.

In accordance with his request, I fully exposed to him and to Mr. Benjamin his Secretary of

State, my views as to the best manner in which foreign sympathy, and possibly foreign co-operation, might be secured; and they commissioned me to return abroad, to put my program into practical operation.

By my own request, they gave me full secret instructions, but did not label and advertise me, as they had Messrs. Mason and Slidell; which had led to the capture of those gentlemen *en route* by the Federals, and the refusal of foreign diplomatists to receive them, after their arrival abroad.

A special steamer—the *Theodora*, the fastest in the service, then lying at Wilmington, North Carolina—was assigned to me; and she was to be commanded by one of the most skilful and successful blockade-breakers, Captain Maffitt, afterwards dubbed by the Federals "the Pirate Maffitt," from his successful raids on their commerce.

Accordingly I went to Wilmington, which was kept at that time in a state of strict blockade,

by Federal cruisers lying just outside the mouth of the river, through which only passage could be had to the open sea.

Wilmington was one of the chief ports and depôts for the blockade-runners, and presented a very animated and bustling appearance in consequence.

In his memoirs, the late Admiral Hobart Pacha has given a most lively and truthful description of this Confederate depôt; into which supplies came for the Confederacy from Europe, and out of which went the cotton which was to pay for them.

While awaiting an opportunity to leave Wilmington, we enjoyed the hospitality of an eccentric old resident, rejoicing in the name of Captain Major, who solemnly installed my wife as head of his household (he being a widower), and carried out the fiction of being himself a guest. There were half-a-dozen of us, waiters on Providence and the blockade, his guests. One of these was a young English nobleman, now Earl of

Dunmore, who was the life of our party. A love of excitement and adventure had tempted him to break the blockade in, on board of one of the blockade-breakers from England, sent by the then famous house of Collie Brothers.

His unflagging flow of spirits and accomplishments, made Lord Dunmore very popular among his new acquaintances. The negro melodies and popular campaigning songs, then sung throughout "Dixie," seemed to tickle his fancy hugely; and he never tired of chanting those songs, with the genuine dialect caught from the black minstrels, or the bold soldier-boys from the backwoods.

Long years afterwards, when the Confederacy had dwindled into a melancholy memory, I met the Earl of Dunmore again in the East, and we revived the souvenirs of those old blockading days at Wilmington, of which he still retained a vivid recollection; although a wife and two grown-up daughters punctuated the lapse of time, between those early days, and the period of our

again encountering each other. He still remembered and sang scraps of the old songs of "Dixie."

We were kept a week at Wilmington watching for a chance to elude the vigilance of the Federal cruisers outside, and break the blockade, so as to reach Nassau, a neutral port. Our caution was increased by a friendly message to Captain Maffitt from Captain Braine, one of his old naval comrades, that he was "looking out for him, and would treat him well when he caught him." But the chance never came, though in order to tempt us out, the blockaders would ostentatiously sail away every morning, returning just after sunset, to catch the mouse as it stole out of the river, leaving but one cruiser on the watch.

So Captain Maffitt and myself held a council of war, at which I urged him to break out at the hour they did not expect us—that is, in broad daylight, a couple of hours before sunset—and, by running through the shoals, which Maffitt, as an engineer in the U.S. Navy had surveyed

and knew every inch of, elude the solitary cruiser on guard, and strike across for Nassau.

So one beautiful afternoon, about two hours before sunset, we got on board the *Theodora*, and using anthracite coal, which made no smoke that could betray us, we steamed steadily for the mouth of the river, and the open sea.

As we rounded the last bend at the mouth of the river, the solitary blockader on watch sighted us, and understood our purpose: its colleagues being absent, "playing their little game." As we had supposed, the fires of the steamer were all banked, and it took them some little time to get them in order to pursue us. We had to pass very near the Federal vessel, and although she very soon brought her guns to bear upon us, and made several shots, some of which splashed up the water very near us, we escaped unscathed.

Then Captain Maffitt steamed straight into the shoals, where from her much greater draught of water, the Federal cruiser dared not follow us.

Then came an anxious time, for the thunder of the surf, and an occasional grating sound and jarring of our steamer's bottom, indicated how shoal the water was, and how narrow the channel through which the *Theodora* surged at the top of her speed. For we well knew that the Federal cruiser and her colleagues, would make a rush outside to intercept us, if possible, at the outlet of the shoals; in which case we might be caught, like rats in a trap.

Maffitt took out a cigar, and gave me one. Out of bravado I lit mine; but must confess I never enjoyed my tobacco less. When we had safely got through the shoals, Maffitt's was still unlit; but he had ground the tobacco to pulp between his teeth.

It was an anxious moment when we emerged from the shoals into the open sea, and looked around before and behind us for a sight of a hostile sail. But there were no cruisers there to intercept us; so we sallied forth triumphant and rejoicing. Within an hour's time, however,

looking back through the glass, we saw (with a very qualmish feeling on my part), two of the bloodhounds on our track, with the Stars and Stripes fluttering from their mast-heads.

Our two pursuers, like shadows, never left us until we were safely moored in the friendly harbour of Nassau; for "a stern chase" is proverbially "a long chase," and our staunch little steamer kept well the distance between herself and her pursuers.

The night fell. It proved a stormy and a black one, and with our low dark hull, and displaying no light, we soon became invisible on the waters. But with night and this security, came additional perils for us.

We had now to encounter the risk of being run down by other vessels, since no light was displayed or visible on board of ours; the only light allowed on board being the covered one over the compass, not even a lighted cigar being permitted. The cabin was all in darkness; and there we sat, striving like Byron's Prisoners of

Chillon, to pass the weary hours; amusing each other with song and story, surging through the seething sea in storm and darkness. Capt. Maffitt was a most amusing man, and had an ample store of good stories picked up all over the world, during his naval experiences. He had also a great flow of animal spirits. But even his elasticity was not adequate to conquer the situation, environed as we were by multitudinous perils, to be faced in darkness. We soon sank into silence, and listened to the wailing of the wind, which fancy frequently converted into the splash of approaching paddle wheels coming to capture us.

The perils thickening around us as the night wore on, forbade the cheap blessing of slumber. We were in peril of being run down in the darkness by some other vessel.

We were in peril of foundering in the storm.

We were in peril of being sunk by the guns of a hostile cruiser, if overhauled.

We were in peril of damaging our machinery, in the mad race we were running.

And we were in peril of being hung, if we were caught.

Under similar circumstances, even the far-famed Seven Sleepers of Ephesus would have kept awake. Such were our nights. Our days were equally anxious. We spent them on deck, spy-glass in hand, scanning the horizon anxiously in search of ships which might prove enemies, and longing for our harbour of refuge—the Island of Nassau, where our troubles and perils should be over. Naturally our voyage was greatly lengthened, by the necessity we were under, like the Ancient Romans, of considering the words stranger and enemy equivalent terms. Whenever we saw a sail or sighted a ship, we tacked off and ran away in an opposite direction; for it was impossible in those days to discriminate friend from foe, and the Confederate bark was the flying fish of the ocean. It was dangerous to trust to the flag displayed, since it was a common

trick to lure the prey by hoisting false colours. We ourselves resorted to the protection of the British flag, to which the *Federal* cruisers did not pay much respect; firing their shot and shell without much scruple at boats which displayed it, when they suspected the right to bear it.

When at last we had sighted the Island of Nassau, and thought our perils past, there suddenly loomed up between us and the island the grim apparition of a man-of-war; which, in response to our British flag, did not display any flag at all, but sailed steadily towards us. Distrusting her nationality and good intentions, we promptly took to flight, running back over the track we had just passed, tacking and dodging to evade our pursuer. About an hour we played this little game on both sides, until our pursuer hoisted the British flag, when Captain Maffitt, keenly inspecting the vessel with his powerful glass, as it drew nearer to us, exclaimed, with a strong expletive: "Why, it is that confounded joker, McKillop, and Her Majesty's

ship *The Bull-dog*, which is on this station! It is just like him to play this trick on an old friend, for he has evidently recognised the *Theodora*. He is the jolliest fellow afloat, but he will have his joke, at the expense of friend or foe."

Maffitt's suggestion proved correct. We had just anchored in the harbour of Nassau when a British officer in uniform came on board, and was warmly greeted by Maffitt, who introduced him to me. I was rather sore at this practical joke, which had given us much more than a *mauvaise quart d'heure*, and he, perceiving the coolness of my manner, apologised for having given me annoyance, not knowing that Maffitt was not alone on board. It was impossible to resist the frankness and charm of Captain McKillop's manner, and the raciness of his talk. We soon became intimate, and spent many jolly hours together on *The Bull-dog*, and on shore. Many years afterwards we met in Egypt, where he was Admiral in the Egyptian service, and until his death were fast

friends. A braver and more skilful commander the British Navy could not boast, and his services in Egypt were great, and highly appreciated by the Khedive. He was a very sensitive and high-tempered man, and it was a standing joke in Egypt, that McKillop had just prepared a new letter of resignation: as he always had one ready in his pocket.

Nassau at the time of our arrival there, was a queer place, being one of the depôts for southern cotton, sent through the blockade, and of supplies to be carried back to the Confederacy. Several distinguished British naval officers, under assumed names, commanded blockade runners, two among whom were subsequently English admirals—Hobart Pacha and Hewett. The latter was captured and put on parole; the former was "Never Caught"; and published an amusing record of his adventures under that title. The population of Nassau is very mixed. It could then boast the laziest negro population the world could produce, either in native African

wilds, or where "sunk to the eyes in saccharine juices, Quashee will not work," in the West Indies. Some of the coloured men were practising professions; but it is to the black boatmen that the palm for industriously doing nothing must be awarded. If the sun were very hot, these gentry, stretched supinely in the shade, would disdainfully decline to row a hundred yards to a ship; and the same indolence seemed to pervade the black non-nautical community. Land-lubbers indeed were they: fit tenants for Thomson's Castle of Indolence.

There is another curious class of the population at Nassau, but of a much higher type. It is composed of the descendants of the American Tories of the Revolution, who migrated there rather than accept the Republic, and renounce their loyalty to the British Crown. Many of these are gentlemen by birth and breeding, and fill high positions in the island, legal and otherwise. They still keep up piously the old traditions of loyalty to English Royalty, which made their

ancestors emigrate from their original homes in the colonies after the struggle was over and after Washington was pronounced a patriot, not a traitor. The prejudices of these estimable people are highly respectable, and have the flavour of long and careful preservation. In the midst of so democratic a community as that of Nassau, where caste and colour seem disregarded, their continued existence seems almost marvellous.

Although Captain McKillop and *The Bull-dog* were stationed at Nassau to protect British rights and interests, and insist on the neutrality of the ground; the Federal cruisers carried matters with a high hand just outside of the island.

They made no scruple of firing at blockade runners, real or suspected, and their shots passed over the island, endangering the houses and the lives of the residents. Moreover they chased blockade runners far within the limits prescribed by international law. My chief amusement in the early morning used to be, to stand on the great

balcony of the hotel which overlooked the sea, and witness the proceedings of these spiders and flies, playing their dangerous game on the water.

Nassau merchants and speculators swore by the Southern Confederacy, out of which many of them had made large fortunes. The more stringent the blockade became—and it was very stringent towards the close—the larger the profits of the blockade-breakers became; articles even of commonest use bringing fabulous prices within the beleaguered county. Luxuries the people ceased to care for, long before the four years' agony was over.

From Nassau to England was easy work, for, audacious as they were, save in the Mason and Slidell case, the Federal cruisers did not dare to violate the freedom of the open seas. We had an uneventful passage across to Liverpool.

What I did and saw after my arrival at London, including a very interesting and important interview with Lord Palmerston, then Secretary of State, shall be recorded in another chapter.

## CHAPTER II.

Interview with Lord Palmerston as to Southern Recognition —His Argument and Mine—Quarrel between Man and Wife—Personal Appearance and Characteristics of Lord Palmerston, a Man who was Young to the end—Anecdote of Lady Palmerston.

THE moment of my arrival at London seemed propitious to press for recognition of the Southern Confederacy by England and France. For the Confederate successes in the battles which were being waged, had recently been more numerous, and more important than those of the Federals; and the belief was beginning to prevail, that the little young Southern eagle was more than a match for the big old Federal one.

The Southern Confederacy had even found sympathisers and advocates on the floor of the

English Parliament, chief and ablest among whom was Sir William Gregory, subsequently Governor of Ceylon, and later one of the friends of Arabi Pacha, in conjunction with Mr. Wilfrid Blunt.

The *Times* also had opened its columns to the friends of the Confederate cause, which was eloquently and ably championed by the Hon. Francis Lawley, its correspondent in the Southern Confederacy, an ardent disciple.

The late Dr. Charles Mackay, the distinguished poet, who was the correspondent of the same journal at New York, after the Bull Run escapade had removed Dr. Russell, the pioneer war correspondent—leaned strongly towards the South.

A letter from my pen, in answer to one from Hon. Cassius M. Clay, the Federal Minister to Russia, on the Northern side, was also inserted in the *Times;* giving the strongest Southern views, and predicting the assured triumph of the South over the North.

Mr. Spence, of Liverpool, contributed to the

*Times* a series of the most brilliant and logical articles, in advocacy of the justice of the Southern cause; and in refutation of the common prejudice against the Southern people. He showed conclusively that slavery was not the cause, nor its abolition the object and end, of the strife between the sections; citing President Lincoln's famous saying: "That a proclamation against slavery would be like the Pope's Bull against the comet."

He was responded to, over the signature of "Historicus," by a publicist, who now fills a very large space in the public eye, as well as on the earth's surface. The *Times* itself seemed inclined to throw its ponderous weight into the Confederate scale.

The South had many open and secret sympathisers at the North, who only needed the encouragement of foreign recognition, or the certain triumph of its arms, to come out openly, and throw a wet blanket over the war spirit, much depressed by reverses in the field.

Mr. Vallandigham, of Ohio, a bolder man than his associates, was made a martyr for the open expression of his opinion, but was only banished, not imprisoned.

Even on the water, the South had had a temporary triumph, by the sinking of Federal war ships, by the once famous steam Ram of Captain Brooke of the Confederate Navy; the first pioneer of the iron-clads which have been so perfected to-day.

The Confederate cruisers, under Captains Semmes and Maffitt, had also begun to cripple Northern commerce, and threatened, as they afterwards did, to drive the American flag from off the high seas. Under these circumstances I thought it most judicious to lose no time; as we had something substantial, in the shape of our cotton crop, to offer to that foreign power which would recognise the Confederacy, break the blockade, and declare it null and void; and thus release the South from the grasp which was throttling her.

We took up our quarters at the Burlington Hotel, in Cork Street, just near the Burlington Arcade and Piccadilly, which Mr. Thackeray had told me he regarded as the most comfortable in London, and which I found justified his recommendation: the accommodation, the cuisine, and the attendance being irreproachable. But as a personal friend, and a sympathiser with the South, his visits to us were most welcome: and he fell into the habit of dropping in frequently on his way to the Garrick Club, and cheered us with his hopeful prognostications.

My first thought was how to get access to Lord Palmerston, then the ruling mind and influence of England; who was respected and beloved by men of all parties and all creeds, as a genuine patriot and thorough representative English gentleman: a veteran, it is true, but a strong and stalwart one in mind and body, one of those men who defies old age up to the last gasp, and dies, but does not surrender.

How to get at him was the question.

Messrs. Mason and Slidell had come over to Europe with a flourish of trumpets heralding themselves and their mission. They had credentials, as everybody knew, and the consequence was that they could not either be officially recognised by foreign governments at peace with the United States—nor privately received, owing to the parade of the official character under which they crossed the ocean.

My policy and my course were different. I came over, ostensibly as a private citizen of the Southern States. For when I was asked in what capacity, and under what title my commission should be made out, I replied, that although I wished to be furnished with such instructions and such powers as might enable me to do something practical for the recognition of the Confederacy abroad, I cared nothing for the embroidery, and should reserve all such matters until the time when they should be necessary to show my authority to treat as an accredited

agent of the Confederate States. Consequently I came abroad without any flourish of trumpets heralding my advent or my mission, and was enabled to see and confer freely with foreign ministers and influential persons, without prejudice either to them or to my government. Had the fates proved propitious, or the fortune of war continued as it had commenced, to be favourable to the South, there is no knowing what the result might have been. But the star of the South waned perceptibly after the first eighteen months of the conflict, while the other rose; and the blockade prevented the introduction of men and supplies into the South, of both of which the North could freely supply itself. So that all the outside spectators, who consider ever that success is the test of truth as of merit, cooled in their Southern sympathy, and watched and waited for the final result, without committing themselves too much to either side. Fortunately I had known intimately, some years before, the grandson of Lady Palmerston, and

through him I decided to obtain access to Lord Palmerston.

He laughed when I proposed to him to take me to see Lord Palmerston at his private residence, and said:

"You know, of course, he has refused to see Mason and Slidell. If you come over in a similar capacity, or for that business, I do not think you have much chance. Of course I must first ask his permission if it would be agreeable to him to receive you. How shall I put it? and what shall I say?"

"Say simply," I answered, "that an old acquaintance of yours has just come over from out the Southern States, through the blockade; and ask if he would not like to see him and have a talk with him privately at his own house? Should he ask if I am a commissioner, or coming over on a mission, you can reply truthfully that I said nothing of the sort to you, but only expressed the wish to make Lord Palmerston's personal acquaintance."

On his speaking to Lord Palmerston, my friend was met by him in the spirit he anticipated. He said he could have nothing to do with Confederate commissioners, accredited as such; since the Federal Government had its accredited minister, received and recognised by the English Government as the representative of the United States at London: and could not, therefore, receive any other representative: the so-called "Confederate States" never having been recognised by any foreign government.

My friend answered this in the sense which I had indicated: and Lord Palmerston then said it would give him pleasure to see any friend of his —subject to the conditions he had laid down.

Accordingly, I was taken to see him, at the house he then occupied in Piccadilly—now converted into a club—but at that time the head-quarters of politics and fashion; Lady Palmerston —a most accomplished and charming woman— devoting her energies to both.

She was a most devoted wife, and an able

coadjutor to her husband—who had succeeded the Duke of Wellington as the representative English Statesman in the affections of the English people. Of her cleverness in silencing envious and defamatory tongues, an instance is given, which is worthy of record. A scandal against Lord Palmerston, then an octogenarian, had been got up by some woman, who, having failed in getting a claim passed through the Foreign Office, accused Lord Palmerston of attempting to take liberties with her.

Of course this was a sweet morsel to be rolled under the tongues of social gossips, and the story had great currency in fashionable saloons.

A pretended friend of Lady Palmerston, (a venomous old dowager,) was silly enough to pretend to sympathise with her, in repeating the scandal to her Ladyship; but, to her utter discomfiture, was met with an amused smile, and the unexpected answer of: "So like the dear old man!"—which admitted of no response, and sent the scandalmonger away baffled and beaten.

On our arrival at the house, at the hour named, we were shown into the library, vacant at the moment, except for the books, embodying the departed spirits of ancient and modern times.

We were not kept waiting long, for in a few minutes' time there came briskly into the room a hale, hearty, vigorous-looking old man, whose age was only betrayed by his white hair; although he limped a little, and wore one shoe and one slipper—suffering at the time from a twinge of gout in his great toe. But in the face there was no trace of age or infirmity; a ruddy, healthy-looking countenance —with eyes as clear and bright, as in the long-past days, when the sobriquet of "Cupid" had been given him.

It was rather a disappointing face, with nothing highly intellectual, either in its outline, its features, or its expression; unaccountably commonplace in fact, when first looked at. Both in face manner and figure he was a typical John Bull of the country gentleman

type—and nothing of the astute diplomatist was perceptible in his physiognomy.

There was something jaunty about the dress and carriage of this well-preserved old gentleman, which irresistibly recalled the caricatures of him in *Punch*, where he was often represented with a straw in his mouth, in sporting costume, and with a most knowing leer out of one half-closed eye. The make and fit of his garments were irreproachable. He seemed a survivor of the then almost extinct race of "Dandies," who filled, at one time, so large a space in the public eye, and in private society; marked men all of them, with plenty of brains, and high culture; though as distinct in dress, as in manner, from the common herd.

But when he warmed up in conversation, the inner light shone outwardly, and illuminated those plain features; and the sharp twinkle of his eye indicated the latent humour lurking under his phlegmatic manner. For he was a humorist and wit of the first class, and many of

his *bon-mots* have passed down to the generation which has succeeded him.

He received me with great courtesy and kindness, entirely without any pretension or diplomatic reserve, and put me immediately at my ease.

He told me he was still very fond of sport, although he was getting too old for violent exertion; and had been "across country with the hounds," only a few days before—"since which," he added, glancing at his slippered foot, "my old enemy the gout has put in his veto; I suppose I shall soon have to give up those juvenile performances," he added laughing —"though I confess I do not like to give in."

After some more general conversation, I alluded to the fact of my then recent blockade-breaking, and said: "I suppose you receive very little reliable intelligence, as to the actual state of things in the Southern Confederacy, and I shall be most happy to give you some, as a recently escaped citizen of that *terra incognita*."

He glanced sharply at me from under his bushy eyebrows, and responded: "Of course all of us over here are deeply interested in what is going on over on your side; but only as private individuals, not as public men. For although Mr. Gladstone has announced the 'formation of a nation,' by Jefferson Davis and his sympathisers; neither the English Government, nor the English people have yet formally ratified that opinion. You know that the commissioners, sent over by the so-called Confederate Government, have not been received, nor their credentials recognised; nor can they be, until some more definite solution of your quarrel on the other side has been reached.

"Had you come to me, in any official character, I must have declined seeing you also; but as a private Southern gentleman, and friend of Henry's, I am most happy to see and converse with you."

I replied, that I was perfectly aware of the fact, and very grateful for the opportunity of

seeing and knowing a statesman of whom I had heard so much; as well as for the opportunity of giving him correct information on any subject connected with the struggle going on across the Atlantic, and the condition of things in the Southern Confederacy; from which I had just escaped through the cordon of Federal cruisers, now hermetically sealing it up from the rest of mankind. After this preliminary skirmishing, we commenced a long conversation relative to the then condition of affairs on the other side, both at the North and the South; of the latter I took a very optimistic view, which subsequently was not realised, but which at the time, was shared in by many cool-headed men, on both sides of the Atlantic.

Lord Palmerston questioned me closely on all points connected with Southern resources, and capabilities of resistance to the greater numbers and resources of our Federal opponents; and dwelt very strongly on the great moral advantage given them, by the retention of the existing

Government and flag; which had put the Confederates outside of the pale of recognition by Foreign governments—however signal their military success might have been. He also dwelt on the immense advantage for recruiting mercenaries abroad, afforded by the blockade of the Southern ports, and denied to the Confederates; and anticipated the probable exhaustion of the South through those causes, should the war be long protracted. Growing bolder as he seemed to warm up with the discussion, and became more unreserved, I ventured to assert my belief, that the sympathies of the English people were with the Confederates in their struggle for independence—as they naturally could not have been in the first Revolution, directed against English rule.

There was a twinkle in his eye as he replied: "My young friend, you go too fast; I admit you have many strong sympathisers among the higher class in England, who regard your planters somewhat in the light of English country gentle-

men, transplanted; but the commercial and the cotton manufacturing class, headed by John Bright, are against you; and so are the bulk of the middle class also, because of your institution of slavery. The Queen, Prince Albert, Lord John Russell, are also dead against you; so you have to contend against the monied and diplomatic interests at the same time.

"What my own personal views and feelings may be, as a private individual, is another matter—but even if I thought we ought to recognise your Confederacy, under existing circumstances I know it to be impossible, as things now stand. Dismiss such an idea from your mind; the thing is impracticable."

"But," I said, "has it not occurred to your mind, as well as to your Government, that in taking up a neutral attitude, as between the two combatants, you alienate both, and leave yourselves no friend on the other side of the water? The Federals loudly proclaim your supposed leaning towards the Southerners, which they

attribute to jealousy towards themselves; and mutter threats of future vengeance, when the opportunity and the hour arrive. The Southerners, who entertained the warmest feelings towards you at first, have cooled off, in consequence of your non-comittalism, and are growing indignant over it."

"That may be so," replied Lord Palmerston, "and I can readily see why such feelings should exist on both sides. But this is a family quarrel, and you must be left to settle it between yourselves. I never yet," he added with a twinkle in his eye, and a smile on his lip, "heard of any one interfering between a man and his wife, when they were fighting, without having both turn upon him conjointly, forgetting their own difficulty. No, you must be left to settle this domestic quarrel between you, without any outside interference."

"But," I answered, "take the matter in another light. Is it not a choice between making one friend or two enemies? The North will neither

forget nor forgive your supposed friendship for the South. The South will feel the rankling sting of disappointment, and if overrun and conquered, could not refuse to join the North in an anti-English crusade, which is possible, should the States be re-united; since a military spirit and a military organization have taken possession of the American people. Recognise the Confederacy, and you will always have a people grateful and friendly, to act as a breakwater against any hostile or unfriendly demonstration, whether directed against Canada, or British commerce."

"The contingency does not alarm us," coolly responded Lord Palmerston. "We can manage under all contingencies to take care of ourselves, and we must act in accordance with the Law of Nations, regardless of consequences. I repeat, the man and his wife must settle their quarrel their own way, without our interfering in it. It is none of our business."

We had much more conversation, all in the

same vein ; and the frankness and plainness with which Lord Palmerston expressed the decision—which I could not doubt had been arrived at by his Cabinet—convinced me of the hopelessness of getting a reversal of that judgment.

The Cabinet had determined to watch and wait, and let the two combatants fight it out, until one or the other had to yield to exhaustion, and confess defeat.

Possibly in that exhaustion and crippling of resources on both sides, England saw more pledges of future peace with the fierce democracy across the water, than in any intervention ; and when the Mason and Slidell affair occurred, and the Lion growled, the Federal Government showed its desire to keep the peace by making concessions—grudgingly, it is true, but effective enough to avert the threatened collision.

I left Lord Palmerston, after my first visit to him, with mingled feelings of disappointment and admiration—disappointment at the English

attitude, admiration for the man and the statesman; and was convinced that in France alone lay the hope for foreign recognition. And thither I resolved to proceed without unnecessary delay.

## Recollections of the Earl of Carlisle, Viceroy of Ireland.

The Earl of Carlisle I first met at New York, and our meeting was in an oyster-cellar. He had been taken there by Dr. Lieber, at that time one of the Professors of the South Carolina University, at which seat of learning I was then a student. Lord Morpeth (as he then was) expressed infinite satisfaction with the bivalves, to which the Professor had introduced him, as well as with the men and women he had met with on that visit. I was quite a boy at the time, and although he was genial, as he always was, could not then improve the acquaintance which chance had thrown in my way. Years

afterwards however, at his own table, at the Vice-regal Lodge in Dublin, I recalled the souvenir, and he professed to remember it; as possibly he may have done.

On the latter occasion our meeting was not so fortuitous; for I had come to Ireland on a special mission—making an effort somewhat like King Canute's, when he ordered the encroaching sea to roll back at his command—and with equal success. I had conceived the idea, that the recruiting of Irishmen into the Federal Army, which was depleting Ireland of much of its bone and sinew, under the temptation of high bounty-money, might possibly be diminished, if not stopped, by some active interposition on the part of the Irish authorities; and struck at the head in visiting Lord Carlisle, then a very popular Viceroy, and most able man.

I accordingly renewed our old acquaintance, fortifying myself with strong letters from mutual friends, and was received and treated with great cordiality and civility by the Viceroy, and

honoured by his intimacy as well. For we had a common tie in our love of letters, and ink-shedding propensities. For I really believe Lord Carlisle valued more, and took greater pride in his literary, than in his diplomatic work. He had then just published his book on his "Cruise in Greek Waters," in which he had shown his scholarship and his literary proclivities in a most agreeable style; and was never tired of talking over the East to me, as one recently arriving from those distant shores. Personally he was a most courteous and cultivated gentleman, one of the most superior specimens of the British nobility it has been my fortune to have encountered; perfectly free from all affectation or false pride, a man every inch of him, and incapable of deception. When we discussed the business on which I had come over to Ireland, he freely and frankly admitted, that he deplored the drain the enlistment was making on the young manhood of Ireland, sent to perish in a quarrel which was none of theirs; but declared

himself powerless to prevent it, or even check it, owing to the adroit manner in which that enlistment had been managed by the Federal agents.

Acting on my urgent representations, Lord Carlisle made an effort to arrest the embarkation of large numbers of men for America, who were known to every one to be recruits for the Federal army; but the attempt proved ineffectual. The men or the ship took no arms, and the men produced contracts with northern railways, engaging them to work, at a stipulated sum per month. Against such peaceful emigration, supported by such proofs, the Irish Viceroy and his Government were powerless; although it was a matter of common notoriety, that the men were enlisted for the Federal army, and that those railway contracts were only blinds, concealing other and more profitable, as well as less peaceful ones.

What could Lord Carlisle do, and what could I do, against a combination so adroitly made?

Nothing! except to groan inwardly and hold our peace. In the meantime I saw a great deal of him, and my respect and admiration for him increased with more intimate acquaintance.

He was not only a man of much merit and of much acquirement, but a very modest and unassuming one as well. Although an old bachelor, he was a great admirer of the opposite sex; and it was remarked that at his formal receptions, and presentations, when he had the privilege of kissing the ladies presented, his discrimination in that matter, and the way he performed the ceremony, varied very much with the age and attractiveness of the ladies thus entitled to what the Quakers term the "kiss of peace," in their morning salutations. He died unmarried, in despite of his admiration for the fair sex, and his title passed to his nephew.

Possibly his admiration may have been too general and diffuse, to have been concentrated on any single specimen; but such was the fact.

Lord Carlisle was a tall bulky man, with rather a heavy face, until lighted up in conversation. The most marked feature was a very pendulous under lip. But the graciousness of his manner, and the charm of his conversation, redeemed the want of comeliness. I do not believe it was possible for any one seriously to dislike Lord Carlisle; his amiability was so great, and his goodness of heart so apparent in his manner and conversation.

## CHAPTER III.

In France—Public Opinion and the Press under the Empire—The Press System—Dardenne de la Grangerie of the Press Bureau—Duc de Morny, his Characteristics—Count de Persigny—Reminiscences of, and Negotiations with, the Emperor at Vichy for Three Weeks—Garibaldi Breaks them Up—My Impressions of Louis Napoleon—Admiral Semmes' Last Night at Paris, before his Fight with the *Kerseage*—His Characteristics.

At the period of my visit to France, on my mission of persuasion, backed by substantial offers, to tempt that Power to recognise the Southern Confederacy, Louis Napoleon was at the very acmé of his prosperity, and his voice, and that of the Empire, were potential throughout the world.

A few words, spoken by him to the Austrian Ambassador, on New Year's Day, had convulsed

the whole of Europe, and caused every money market to fall. He had the shadow, as well as the substance of power, to give weight to his words and his acts; and had proved he liked to play a bold and hazardous game, when his imagination or his judgment impelled him. Although he had not entirely fulfilled his promise, to make Italy free from the Alps to the Adriatic: he yet had stricken Austria that blow, which broke the yoke, rendered the dream of Italian unity possible of being made a reality, and Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, and Garibaldi, more than mere makers of pronunciamentos, and abortive expeditions.

The string on which I thought it possible to play to him, so as to move him to intervention in Southern affairs, and the recognition of the Confederacy, was the rivalry between France and England for commercial predominance, in which, I believed, the cotton crop of the South might be made a most important factor. England had proved that she could not be starved out, and

forced into intervention by want of our cotton (as we had at first fondly supposed); but had made and was making gigantic efforts in India, and elsewhere, to render herself independent of the Southern crop, then and for all future time.

The cotton famine had proved a failure, but to a certain extent cotton still was king, and France might seize on the opportunity of getting a monopoly of our four millions of bales, and rivalling England, as the great manufacturing centre.

The Confederacy could well afford to pay the Empire a handsome subsidy, in the shape of cotton, lying idle on Southern wharves and in Southern cotton fields; as well as give a monopoly of its produce to the Power that would recognise its existence as a nation, break the blockade, and compel the Federal Government to patch up a peace, to avoid greater danger and damage, should such a coalition be formed.

Hence, though discouraged by the cold shoulder England had given the Confederacy,

I was not disheartened, but determined to try if England's rival could not be made to see her opportunity, in availing herself of the liberal terms the Confederacy was prepared to offer for recognition and practical intervention, without much cost or peril to herself, under the existing circumstances.

I accordingly went to Paris, making my head quarters at the Hôtel du Rhin, on the Place Vendôme, a very central position in the very heart of the city. My first task was to feel the pulse of public opinion, by careful examination of the tone of the French press, and I found it to be eminently unsatisfactory from my point of view. It was almost exclusively for the North in its leanings and tendency, chiefly on the sentimental ground of the Abolition of Slavery, which was believed abroad to be the mainspring and origin of war between the sections.

On studying the management of the French press, I found that the provincial journals were

edited almost exclusively, and got all their telegraphic news from Paris; through a system termed "correspondances," through which, from one bureau, editorials and news were supplied in slips to numerous country papers, identical in contents, at one and the same time, in parts of France remote from each other.

He, who had his finger on the mainspring therefore, could pull those wires. This system was most useful to the French ministries, for they thus contrived to make the voice of France throughout the whole country—with but a few exceptions, identical in its utterances, which were inspired from head quarters, the bureau of the press at Paris. Prince Bismarck, with his "reptile press" has copied and reproduced this system, but, with the cynical disregard for public opinion which characterises the "man of blood and iron," made no secret of the arrangement.

In making the acquaintance of public functionaries, I found one connected with this press bureau, who, being himself descended from a

Louisiana family, and connected by marriage with Count de Persigny who was avowedly a sympathiser with the Confederate cause, felt great interest in the South: and with him my relations soon became intimate and confidential.

Both the Count de Persigny and Dardenne deplored the one-sided way in which the French press treated the great struggle going on across the Atlantic; and expressed the desire that the truth should be told, and one side have a hearing as well as the other.

The telegraph, though a most invaluable invention in some respects, is yet a very blind guide in many others, especially where details explanatory of a situation are to be given.

As all the French information came through one source, the telegraph worked by Northern brains and fingers from New York gave conspicuously inexact statements, as to the actual occurrences, and the real situation in the United States.

The English journals, of course, were better

informed, and had special correspondents North and South; but no French editor would condescend to draw his information or his inferences from the journals of "perfidious Albion"—on the contrary, would naturally take a line precisely opposite, without troubling himself with an investigation into the truth of the facts, or the inferences drawn from them. So the more popular the Confederate cause became in England, the more unpopular it became across the Channel, with the press and the people.

All these things my new friends explained to me with perfect frankness, and I resolved to profit by their information—if I could.

My poor friend, who held one of the chief posts in the *Bureau de la Presse*, and who had frequent and confidential conferences with the Emperor, was one of those men, with whom nature sometimes plays tricks, as though in sport or malice—putting him in a mould which did not represent the real man. There was nothing in his appearance, or in his face, to indicate the

intellectual ability and the sensitive character which he really possessed in an eminent degree; for he was a short, enormously stout, and heavy-looking man, though still young—resembling outwardly Carlyle's word-picture of "Barrel Mirabeau," the brother of the great Tribune.

But under that unprepossessing exterior there lurked a warm heart and a noble soul; and an intelligence as quick and alert as its outward case was unwieldy. He was full of wit, and his bright sallies enlivened the dull routine even of a formal dinner party; while as a *gourmet*, a disciple of Brillat-Savarin, he was unsurpassed.

At that time there were in Paris two young Oriental Secretaries of Legation who since have filled high functions for their repective Governments, in Persia and Turkey—Mohsin Khan, now Persian Ambassador at Constantinople, and Artin Effendi (Dadian), now Pacha and Under-Secretary of State at Constantinople; and these, with Dardenne de la Grangerie, used to be the

favoured guests at those small dinners, where the feast of viands was supplemented by the flow of wit, and feast of soul.

When the almost periodical political whirlwind roared over France, and swept away throne and altar, rebuilt by the last of the Napoleons; faithful to his affections and his connections, inspired perhaps by a feeling of gratitude for past favours, Dardenne de la Grangerie, adhering to the lost cause, or suspected without reason of so doing, was seized and cast into prison among the faithful adherents of the victim of Sedan still left in France. When the mad orgies of the Commune succeeded, which remind one of the darkest days of the Reign of Terror, he suffered for his loyalty.

My poor friend, forced into convict's garb, was either interned, and perished in some obscure dungeon—or was deported to some Cayenne; for of his fate, after diligent inquiries in Paris, I could obtain no trace.

But all was sunshine with him and with the

Empire he served in the days when I met and associated familiarly with him.

Some few other sympathisers I also met, connected directly or indirectly with the French Press; and with their assistance, the "correspondances" began to send to the Provincial Press less garbled and one-sided accounts of the events occurring in America, and of the varying fortunes of the war, then raging fiercely over almost half a continent.

The change did not escape the watchful eye of the Emperor, whose exile and long sojourn in England, had taught him the power of the lever of the press.

He summoned Dardenne to his private Cabinet and asked him significantly if he had remarked, or could account for the sudden change of tone and character of intelligence given about the war in America; in the Provincial, as well as in the Press of Paris itself?

On receiving the reply that it arose probably from the recent successes of the Confederate

arms, and that, as his Majesty well knew, "Nothing succeeded like success!" the Emperor pulled at his moustache, and fixing his dull but penetrating eye on Dardenne's face, suddenly inquired:

"Do you know a gentleman from the Southern States, who has recently arrived here through the blockade?"

On being answered in the affirmative, the Emperor added: "I am told he is a clever man." Then, changing the subject, he continued:

"Of course the news from the other side ought to be given fully, but the change in the tone of the French press has been a very sudden, and a very thorough one. It must surprise everybody."

The hint that we were not to move too fast on the new line, was taken; and caution was employed in remoulding public opinion, after I learned this incident.

Among those nearest to the Emperor were

the Duke de Morny and Count de Persigny, both of whom possessed his entire confidence.

The Duke de Morny resembled his half-brother greatly at a distance, but as you approached nearer to him the likeness diminished; his features being less pronounced, and handsomer than those of the Emperor, and his figure far more slight and graceful.

His walk and bearing too were far different; his carriage erect, his eye bright and penetrating, and his manner gay and prepossessing. He was very much the brain of the Napoleonic Council, and his loss was an irreparable one to the monarch, as well to the man and brother.

The Duke de Morny was a man of most winning manners and graceful address. He was very plausible, and being full of the Maximilian project in Mexico, cared only for the Confederates, as preventing the Federals from intervening there, by keeping them otherwise occupied. He was, however, always very polite, listening attentively to my statements and argu-

ments, but answering both in a most diplomatic and non-committal way. I soon saw that no help was to be looked for from him, with the Emperor; so I turned to the Count de Persigny, who was a man of entirely different mould and character. Naturally impulsive, he was more like a military man than a courtier in his ways and speech. He was blunt almost to brusqueness, fearless in the expression of his opinions and feelings, whatever they might be. He was one of the few Frenchmen who believed in the success of the Confederates, and felt and expressed a warm sympathy for the Southern people. With the slavery business he did not trouble himself, nor think it France's business to meddle with it. He kept himself thoroughly informed as to all the strategic movements of the two armies, and of the different battle-fields. I remember we one day collected a small crowd around us, in the street just before his own door, by his vehement explanation to me, of some of the lost opportunities at a recent battle in the

West; demonstrating the relative position of the combatants, by tracing an outline in the dust with his walking-cane. Such were the animation and excitement of his manner, and the energy of his explanations, that many of the passers-by stopped to hear what was going on; observing which, I proposed an adjournment to his library, where we could carry on our colloquy without uninvited listeners.

I considered then, that Persigny was one of the most honest and devoted men to the Emperor's person, as well as his policy; and although he fell under the cold shade of Imperial displeasure in later days, it was because of his frankness and fearlessness in telling the truth in high quarters, when it was unpalatable.

Men who blurt out unwelcome truths to highly-placed people anywhere, are apt to share the fate of the young Gil Blas, when he ventured to criticise his master's sermons, at his special request. He was promptly dismissed, with the parting benediction, "that it was to be hoped

he might have all imaginable good fortune, and much better taste." So it was with de Persigny, when, in the down-hill days of the Empire, he had the sagacity to see and to criticise some of the steps of the downward course.

But these are matters outside the scope of my personal reminiscences, although with my life, and success in this mission, they had much to do.

Had the Count de Persigny retained his influence over the Emperor, or had the Duke de Morny not staked all on the desperate venture of Maximilian, who can say what the outcome of my negotiations, and the Emperor's abstinence from that forlorn Mexican fiasco, might have been? On such small pivots do all human affairs turn, and so purblind are those who presume to act as pilots or pioneers over unnavigated and unknown waters!

But Providence had not so ordained it, and de Morny had been able to persuade Louis Napoleon to attempt to prop up the tottering

throne of Maximilian in Mexico, and refuse the overtures made him from the Cotton States; the consequences of which were disaster, ruin, exile, a broken heart, and the extinction of his dynasty, which once seemed so well secured. The misfortune of the third Napoleon was that he was surrounded by a set of desperate adventurers, gamblers in politics as on the Bourse and at the green table, who dragged him into all kinds of speculations—political and financial—without calculating on the day of final settlement. When it did come, both he and they were submerged, and their adherents with them, with some few notable exceptions. I believe there still survives and flourishes a Duke de Morny; but ah! "quanto mutatus ab illo," when contrasted with the man who bore that name under the Empire, and was to a great extent, at first, its guiding spirit as the Emperor's councillor. The de Mornys (as is well known) were sideshoots from the house of Napoleon by the mother's side. Whatever might have been the high intellectual

characteristics of the Bonapartes—men and women—morality did not rank among their virtues; nor did the strict observance of their marital obligations distinguish them.

The Emperor once made a bitter retort to a sneer levelled at him by Prince Jerome Napoleon, who said, pettishly: "The fellow has not a drop of Bonaparte blood in him."

On this being repeated to the Emperor, he shrugged his shoulders, and retorted, "It is very certain, nevertheless, that I have to carry the whole family on my shoulders!" as they were all his pensioners. For it must be confessed that the *coup d'état* was engineered, and the Empire created out of very rubbishy materials: adventurers, social, military and political, men of desperate character, surrounded the Emperor, and to a certain extent influenced and controlled him. Although every effort was made to secure the countenance and the adherence of the old French noblesse, whose head-quarters were in the Faubourg St. Germain, yet the great

majority of the men bearing the old historic names held sullenly aloof, while the *grandes dames* were more openly aggressive, and scoffed at "the Spanish adventuress," who was repeating the *rôle* of the *creole* from Martinique, to meet finally much the same fate.

Some few of the old aristocrats were brought over and figured at the court, but the majority were new men and new women. No woman born in the purple was ever more fitted by nature to play at Empress, "showing herself in every step a queen," as the Roman poet says of an elder imperial sister; while the splendour and luxury of the official and unofficial entertainments made Paris the most gay, glittering and enjoyable city in the world.

The boast of Augustus Cæsar that he found Rome built of brick, and left it of marble, might well be repeated by Napoleon III., although unwittingly he was building his own mausoleum and that of his dynasty.

In France Mr. Slidell, the accredited Con-

federate Commissioner, encountered the same difficulty which had met the English envoys; and the French ministers were as tender-footed, and equally unwilling to wound the sensibilities of the Federal Government, by any recognition of the Southern Commissioners.

The only policy therefore to pursue, was to prepare the ground by educating public opinion through the press, and to enter into secret negotiations with the Emperor himself outside of his cabinet and confidential advisers. One of the latter said to me, "He" (the Emperor) "dearly loves secret diplomacy, and to mystify his ministers. Although he has become an Emperor he still continues to be a conspirator. It has become a part of his nature; he had to play at it so long."

Through an influential French friend who was really devoted to the Emperor, and one of the few he trusted, I submitted the hopes and wishes of the Confederate Cabinet, as well as the proposals they were prepared to make him for his

intervention. I learned that he had seemed much struck by the communication; but he expressed no opinion, listening in silence, and making no comment afterwards to indicate the impression made on his mind, changing the subject immediately to another and very different one.

By advice of my friends I made no immediate move, but left the seed thus sown to germinate and fructify, if it had fallen in proper soil.

A month later I received a hint from my friend that the Emperor was about making his annual visit to Vichy, to take the waters as was his habit. I was further informed that he went there without the Empress or the court circle or his ministers, taking a vacation there; and that he would have leisure and opportunity at that place, as he would not have elsewhere, to devote his attention to the Confederate question, concerning which a great change had taken place in French sentiment.

I took the hint, and went with my wife to

Vichy, ostensibly that she might take the waters for the benefit of her health; and it so happened that the apartment we occupied at the hotel overlooked the Strauss Villa, which the great musician had vacated that the Emperor might take possession of it during his sojourn at Vichy.

On the balcony of this villa, just under our windows, we could observe the Emperor smoking innumerable cigarettes, the burnt relics of which were strewed around the chair in which he sat, "like leaves in Vallambrosa;" chatting familiarly with the few who were allowed to approach him.

Even then his appearance and carriage were far from those of a healthy or sound man. The seal of ill-health and flagging energies was stamped on his sallow face, and showed itself in the dull eyes, over which the heavy lids seemed to press down, until they were almost closed.

His complexion was almost green, and livid-looking, and when he got up and walked across the little garden plot in front of the balcony, he

seemed to drag rather than lift his legs, as with one hand pressed against his spine, and with stooping shoulders, he shuffled along.

There was no alertness, no alacrity, either in look, gesture, movement or speech. He conveyed to the observer the idea of a wasted, worn-out man; and during my stay at Vichy near him, I never saw him laugh heartily but once.

It was under these circumstances. To amuse the Emperor, a small select theatrical company was sent down from Paris, and at their performance only a few invited persons could be present, by special order of the Emperor.

My wife and myself were among the few invited to this representation, which was given not in a theatre (for there was none at Vichy) but in a large room specially fitted up for the purpose. Consequently we were seated quite close to the Emperor and could watch the expression of his face, and the play of his features. At first those features were expressionless, stolid as those of the Sphinx, with the look of constant and habitual

pain, physical and mental, impressed upon them, which he always wore during my knowledge of him. But as the play went on, and the irrepressible old Frenchwoman frisked and capered over the improvised stage, as a gay young deceiver of twenty years, the set features relaxed into a smile; which finally culminated in an actual laugh, at the irresistible drollery of a veteran actress's performance.

At one of these entertainments the famous old Dejazet, a relic of the first Empire, and more than octogenarian, filled the rôle of the young Prince of Condé, a gay gallant of the olden time, whose adventures and frisky feats this ancient lady gave with a vivacity and talent which were absolutely astounding and marvellous for one of her age, or from a woman of any age in fact. She mounted ladders into second story windows, fought duels, and frisked over the stage like a rollicking boy. Her face was so well made up, that the personation and deception were complete.

Napoleon III. allowed his saturnine countenance to relax under the spell of her acting, full of freakish fun and *diablerie*, and laughed aloud at some of her more audacious sallies and caperings; the habitual gloom of his countenance lighting up into merriment for a few brief moments, to be replaced by its ordinary melancholy. Even at the height of his power and success, when all seemed sunshine for himself and his heir, on his face was ever that expression of weariness and dejection which the ancients regarded an augury of an evil fate, and a tragic ending; and it was verified in his case, even as much as in his Uncle's, when the final collapse came.

At Vichy the "conspiracy" was carried on in the mysterious and secret manner which the Royal Conspirator loved, through the medium of confidential persons on both sides, without the committal of a direct personal interview between the contracting parties.

The basis of the proposition submitted to the Emperor was that his Government should send

a French fleet to break through the Federal blockade, and declare it null and void, recognising the Confederate States at the same time. That that fleet should convey out a large quantity of the cotton, which would be stored at several of the Southern ports: such cotton being a subsidy paid France for the expense and risk incurred by her intervention.

A monopoly of all the cotton produced in the Confederate States should, by secret treaty, be given for a term of years to France, to the exclusion of all other foreign nations; thus making her a most dangerous rival to the commercial ascendency of England.

To this the Emperor did (as I was informed) his ear most seriously incline.

He suggested that the main difficulty with the French people in acknowledging the Southern Confederacy, rested on a single word "*Esclavagiste*" (slave-holder). I inquired, if a plan of gradual emancipation were adopted by the Southern Congress, to take effect after a series

of years, whether that might not remove the difficulty arising from the obnoxious word, and wrote to my friends at Richmond, to ask if such a concession to public sentiment abroad could not be made; as without, it I feared we never could conquer the prejudice against us.

The reply from Richmond was negative. Neither President Davis nor his Cabinet would entertain any such proposition. It would be knocking away what Vice-President Alexander Stephens termed "the corner-stone" of the Confederacy! Cotton must finally be King after all, without any such concessions.

Had the concessions asked for been promptly obtained, the result might possibly have been different; for the bait held out to the Emperor was a tempting one. But Providence had ordained that the Southern Confederacy was to stagger on to ruin under the double weight of a most stringent blockade, and the pertinacious adherence to the institution of slavery,

which the moral sense of the civilized world condemned.

The final blow, however, to any successful negotiation with the Emperor, was given by Garibaldi's march on Rome, in the interests of the Republicans and Revolutionists, in opposition to King Victor Emmanuel and to France; when he sought to play the part of Samson, in pulling down the temple—and came near sharing his fate.

That mad movement, abortive as it was, disturbed the whole of Europe, and gave the French Emperor enough to do near home, without venturing on distant enterprises. Of this I was notified, and had to recognise the necessity of at least suspending any operations looking towards French intervention; and the suspension proved indefinite.

Towards the close of the war, when Fortune smiled on the Federals, and frowned on the Confederates, France showed unmistakably her intention of pursuing the strictest neutrality—

and the hope of her intervention vanished, with the march of General Sherman to the sea.

## Admiral Semmes.

One of my final reminiscences of my residence in Paris as Confederate Envoy, was connected with the episode of the fight between the *Kerseage*, Federal steamer, and the Confederate steamer, *Alabama*, commanded by Admiral Semmes, in French waters. It was one of the closing scenes of the Confederacy on the European, as the battle of Appomattox was on the American, side of the Atlantic.

Warned by the French Authorities that his vessel must leave French waters without delay, and perfectly aware of the great superiority of the Federal cruiser in speed, armament, and equipment, to the one he commanded, Admiral Semmes ran up to Paris, a few days before the fight; and spent his last evening there with us, at our house, 48 Avenue Gabriel, in the Champs Elysées.

He placed in my charge a packet of private papers, with specific instructions, in the event of his death; and spoke calmly but clearly of his own estimate of the chances of the coming combat. He told us, that such was the superiority of his adversary, he considered his only chance of victory to be to run alongside, grapple, and board her—as he had confidence in the fighting qualities of his own crew—and none in an artillery duel, with the long range guns of the *Kerseage.*

The result proved the justice of his prognostications; but he was never allowed to get alongside, nor even within the range of his own guns, but was disabled from a distance. His own romantic escape from death, and rescue by the English yacht *The Deerhound,* which picked him up, half-drowned, out of the water, and took him over to England, may possibly not yet have faded out of remembrance.

The last time I saw this gallant sea-rover, whose name was once a terror on the high

seas, and during the war as redoubtable, as that of Paul Jones in revolutionary days, was at Mobile, in Alabama, where he was practising law, surrounded by musty papers and law books, instead of cannon.

No one, to look on the quiet, shy man, with the air of a Methodist preacher, could have credited that his name, and that of "Pirate," so freely lavished on him during earlier years, could ever have been coupled together. Maffitt—his compeer in that renown, with whom I broke the blockade out—still survives, cultivating peacefully a farm in North Carolina; but Admiral Semmes has sailed into a more distant port, and recks nothing by what names men may call him now.

## CHAPTER IV.

Reminiscences of Thackeray and Laurence Oliphant and of Mrs. Oliphant—Thackeray as he appeared in Private Life—The Man as distinguished from the Author.

PROMINENT among the shadows I am summoning from the past, tower up the massive frame and leonine head of Thackeray, beaming upon me with eyes full of gentleness, as well as humour, through those great round glasses which protected them.

For, although to his readers Thackeray seemed the incarnation of sarcasm and scorn in his attitude towards his frailer brethren, yet a kindlier or a gentler heart than his never beat in human bosom, nor was there ever a nature in which more of the milk of human kindness was to be found. I remember his calling to see us one day at London, and showing my wife, with a face full of

concern, a photograph, in which he was represented as a gorilla, smashing his contemporaries with a great club. His voice was pathetic as he earnestly asked her, "My child, am I really a gorilla?" as though he imagined that such might be the general impression of him. It took some time to restore him to his usual cheerfulness and equanimity, for he was deeply moved and wounded by this silly skit, and a personation so utterly at variance with his real character. In that great rugged bulk of his were hidden away the sensitive soul and tender heart of a woman; and he never needlessly inflicted pain, or gave serious offence, even in portraying the Harry Fokers among his intimate associates.

My first acquaintance with Thackeray was made under peculiar circumstances, at New York, and arose thus. He had come over on his lecture tour, and one of the Irish editors on the *New York Herald*—thirsting to avenge the wrongs inflicted on Ireland in the "Sketch Book,"—which laughed good-naturedly at place

and people, in the Titmarsh style—made a ferocious onslaught on Thackeray as a chief of snobs, and reviler of all things not English.

My indignation at this inhospitable and unjust treatment of so distinguished a visitor prompted me to publish a counter-blast, in the same journal. I dwelt admiringly and strongly on the high qualities of heart and head, and the independent character of our visitor, with a protest against such a judgment as the *Herald's* being accepted as representing truly the feelings of the American people towards the author of "Vanity Fair," "The Book of Snobs," and "The Four Georges."

The rejoinder was published conspicuously, and made a sensation. But at that time I had never seen Mr. Thackeray. Judge therefore of my surprise, when, dining at the Clarendon Hotel, where Mr. Thackeray was also a guest, to receive from a waiter Mr. Thackeray's card, with a request that I would meet him in the smoking-room after dinner. "Have you not made a

mistake?" I asked the waiter. "I have not the honour to know Mr. Thackeray." "Quite sure, sir," he answered; "he sends the card and message to you, and to nobody else."

Of course I was in the smoking-room before time; and very soon there came rolling towards me the bulky frame and beaming eyes of the great writer, who wrung my hand cordially, and said: "The *Herald* people told me who had taken up the cudgels so manfully for a stranger, and I could not rest until I had thanked you. Now let us sit down and have a good chat."

And so began my intimacy with Thackeray, which lasted until his death, and the memory of which I cherish among my dearest souvenirs. For, whether we encountered each other in after years in England, France, or elsewhere, his greeting was always as cordial and affectionate, and his treatment of me that of a big towards a little brother. At his house, at the Garrick Club, or any other of his resorts, my welcome was ever

warm; and the high privilege of sitting in his library while he composed and wrote his novels on long note-paper, in the most feminine of hand-writing, was one I prized the most. The MSS. he frequently took down to his publisher in the crown of his hat, stopping *en route* at the Garrick Club to take lunch, or the ante-prandial cock-tail. His habit of composition was methodical. I witnessed much of his work on "Philip on his Way Through the World," and remember his telling me, with a serio-comic earnestness, of the necessity he was under of spinning out more chapters, because it was necessary to put another story on his house at Kensington Gardens, and Philip must do the job.

On that occasion he said to me, "Do you know that both Dickens and myself are imposing on the public, for we have worked out our veins very much, and dig out more dross than ore." This I warmly denied, both in his case, and that of his great rival. But he shook his head, and persisted in his opinion. "Why," I

said, "you never created better characters than now." "Name one," he answered? "Well, Madame Smolenski; she is a most charming and most original character." "Why, bless your heart, my dear boy," he responded, "she is drawn from memory, and the dear old lady used to do for me exactly what Madame Smolenski does for Philip; lending me money when I was hard-up."

But the last work of the great master, over which his hand lingered lovingly, just before his heart ceased to beat, "Denis Duval," shows no falling off, or failing powers; and gave promise, had he lived long enough to complete it, of being a worthy younger brother to the elder born children of his brain.

The same may be said of the last lines penned by Dickens, although "Edwin Drood" remains, and must ever remain, a shadow only, in despite of the effort of brother craftsmen to give it shape and substance.

Thackeray was too sensitive to make a good

lecturer, or take pleasure in appearing personally before the public, as Dickens did.

The latter was a born actor, and might under altered circumstances have been as successful in that line as in the one he finally adopted. Not so Thackeray. He said to me one evening, "Hang this lecturing; it is the most unsatisfactory thing to me, you can imagine. If my audience does not applaud me, I feel mortified because I have failed to interest them. If they applaud me, I feel like a successful mountebank; it is equally uncomfortable both ways."

Although he did not possess the mimetic powers and wonderfully flexible voice of Dickens, and was not dramatic in his attitudes or speech, Thackeray carried his audience with him; and his flashes of wit and sarcasm were promptly appreciated by quick-witted American listeners, who love humour as much as they love good acting.

With Dickens the lecture-room was a private theatre, on the boards of which he had to play all the parts; as in the famous Bardell breach

of promise case—where, with your eyes shut, you could have sworn there was a company rehearsing the scenes. With Thackeray it was reading a lecture or essay, that was all.

I remember vividly one of Thackeray's annual *Punch* dinners, at which all the staff of that famous paper were present; including Mark Lemon, Leech, Taylor, and many other celebrities, most of whom have since "passed over to the majority."

In the centre of the table was a huge punch bowl, over which presided a silver statuette of Mr. Punch, presented to Thackeray by the Staff, and which always figured prominently on those festive occasions. I arrived late, owing to the stupidity of my cab-driver, and the company were all seated at table, when I entered the dining-room. The genial host immediately broke the awkwardness of the situation by assigning me a place next himself; and gave me this comprehensive introduction to his other guests:

"Gentlemen," he said, "here is an unfortunate

American, to whom all the good stories we all have heard so often on these occasions will be perfectly new. Fire away, and don't spare him."

And they did not, for I carried away with me that night a rich budget of repartees, stories, and golden "chaff" from the repertories of those choice spirits; *facile princeps* among whom was our host himself, whose boyish gaiety was contagious. For Thackeray was a boy until he died, his freshness of spirit surviving the decay of his bodily power under the terrible grip of the disease from which he perished, in the maturity of his genius and fame.

No man was more generous and more kind in his appreciation of his rival wits and brother authors than Thackeray; for nothing jealous or mean could be associated with that large nature, which had been cast in a mould as ample as his frame. Thus, every one knows how enthusiastic he was over some of the best work of Dickens, and of Wilkie Collins, and others of his contemporaries and rivals in the race for the popular

suffrage. One day as we were walking together, and I was questioning him about Douglas Jerrold —to whom he awarded a high meed of praise— he suddenly stopped short, concentrated the focus of his large glasses full on my face, and said, "Do you know the cruellest thing Jerrold ever said about me, and it was perfectly unprovoked?" I answered, "I did not know to what he alluded, but had always supposed Douglas Jerrold was a great friend of his."

"What I refer to is this," responded Thackeray. "Somebody at the club mentioned the rumour of my intending to become a Catholic, thus: 'They say Thackeray is going over to Rome.'" "Well," answered Jerrold, who was present, "if that be the case, it would be a great improvement if he took his nose with him." Now, as most people know, Thackeray's nose had been broken in his youth, and was his most unsightly member; which made Jerrold's sarcasm, clever as it was, only the more cruel.

But in deprecating this personal assault,

Thackeray showed no rancour, or bad temper; only a feeling of surprise, that a friend should thus wantonly expose the weak point of another, and be unable to resist the temptation of making a pungent joke, however personal it might be.

Another incident which I recall shows his kindness of heart and consideration for others even yet more forcibly.

I had broken the blockade, and was in London, trying to get recognition for the Southern States, and the prospect of my doing so was as melancholy as the weather; for it was the Christmas season, such as it usually exhibits itself at London. We were sitting gloomily in our hotel—The Burlington, Cork Street, Piccadilly—when a note was brought in, which ran as follows, "and made sunshine in that shady place."

[Copy.]

"36, Onslow Square, S.W.,

"*December 25th.*

"Dear de Leon,

"I see that you are still in our land, and

thought you gone. Where do you dine to-day? Though you are rebels, you ought not to dine at a *traitoria* on 'Xmas Day. We have a widow and ever so many children—two homeless Irishmen—and can find forks, spoons, and wine for two Irish ladies, and two gentlemen—if they are disengaged at seven—and will come to

"Yours always,

(Signed) "W. M. THACKERAY."

Needless to say we went, and had a right merry time.

It was about this time that another little incident occurred which proved Thackeray's personal magnetism over all with whom he was brought in close contact.

We had staying with us a high-spirited, quick-witted young Irish girl, who, in speaking of Thackeray, said she would like to see him very much, that she "might give him a piece of her mind," about some of his statements relative to her country in his "Irish Sketch Book," especially

one in which he declared that his window sash, at the Shelburne Hotel, at Dublin, was kept up by a broom-handle, instead of the usual fixtures.

Without saying anything to her of my intention, I brought Mr. Thackeray one evening into the room where she and my wife were sitting together, and after introducing her, I said, "Mr. Thackeray, here is a young lady who wants to have it out with you about that Shelburne Hotel broom story, in your 'Sketch Book.'" "Well, what is it, my dear young lady? I solemnly declare to you that it is a true story, and that I did not invent it."

The young lady looked confused, and collapsed without even any show of fight, and had a most pleasant chat with her *bête noir*. When twitted afterwards with her immediate surrender, she replied, "When he beamed on me through those great spectacles, he looked such a benevolent giant, and I felt so small, that it was impossible to say a word."

On another occasion, my wife having asked

him for his autograph, he parried the request with a joke. But the next day she received a long note from him, explaining at length his many reasons for not giving his autograph, and concluding with his signature.

His reverence and affection for his old mother, and his fondness for his "little girls," as he always termed his daughters, was very great. He never left the house without some demonstration of affection towards all of them, and was equally beloved in turn. There never could have been a more affectionate family circle than theirs. One of those "little girls" has since gained literary fame by her pen. Thackeray was very proud of her first essays in that line, and expressed his pride in fervent language to his intimates. The other, who became the wife of Leslie Stephen, and who had the sweetest voice I ever heard, died some years since. Curiously enough, Leslie Stephen, who married Thackeray's daughter, and succeeded him in the editorship of the *Cornhill Magazine*,

never knew Thackeray himself; as he informed me, when we were talking of the great man together.

Thackeray loved Paris, and sometimes used to stay at the Hôtel Bristol, in the Place Vendôme. We occupied apartments on the other side of the same Place, in the Hôtel du Rhin. We saw him frequently, and he sometimes lunched with us. When my wife reproached him for not coming more frequently, he would say, "My dear, I would with pleasure, but I am afraid I absent myself too often from my own hotel, as it is, to give satisfaction. We have a most imposing head-waiter at the Hôtel Bristol, and after I have absented myself from a meal, I find his eye fixed so reproachfully upon me, that I really feel ashamed of myself; so I cannot play truant too often."

He was really bored by the pretension of the Bristol, and expressed it in this quaint manner.

He felt much more at home in the restaurant of "*The* New Street, in the little fields," which

he made so celebrated in his "Ballad of Bouillebasse," with its pathetic allusion to his unfortunate wife in its closing verses; for there was something of the Bohemian in the great writer, though nothing of the coarse or vulgar in his mind, or in his habits.

## Recollections of Laurence Oliphant.

Among the literary men of the nineteenth century there has been no more marked individuality than that of Laurence Oliphant, whose recent death has again called attention to those peculiarities of mind and conduct which distinguish him from his contemporaries almost as much as his brilliant talents.

Almost the last book he published, "Moss from a Rolling Stone," practically gave a biography of the collector of that "Moss;" showed the great versatility of his character, and the wide field of his labour in Europe, Asia, Africa and America. His diplomatic work in China and Japan, with the Elgin mission, was the special

subject of a previous work. In the "Massollams," the mysticism of his character is shadowed forth; in "Altiora Peto," the man of the world and of society is as conspicuously exhibited. A more complex character than his, would be impossible to find. He was, indeed, a many-sided man. Secret missions in the Balkans and Peninsula; Colonizations in Syria and Palestine; wanderings into remote regions; London society; romance writing; and Communist communities in America: he seemed equally at home in all.

I first met Laurence Oliphant at Baden Baden, shortly after his return from the Elgin mission to China, wherein he almost lost his life. He was then just recovering from the serious injuries inflicted on him in the attack on the mission. He placed my hand on his head, and I could put my finger into the deep fissures made in his skull, from the effects of which I do not believe he ever entirely recovered; for his conduct and his writings were very erratic ever afterwards; both may have been caused by the disturbance in the

brain, from the violent concussion then received. As we sat in the moonlight, under the shady old trees which constitute the great feature of Baden, he gave the most interesting details of his Eastern experience while with Lord Elgin; and the charm of his conversation protracted our colloquies long into the night. In his "Piccadilly," his intimate acquaintance with the fashionable society of London (where he was ever welcome, in despite of his eccentricities and the scathing sarcasm with which he depicted it) is conspicuously shown, with a verve and humour almost equalling Thackeray's.

Years afterwards we encountered each other at Cairo. He had his wife with him, and she also could accommodate herself to any place and any discomforts, and possessed that greatest of blessings, a cheerful spirit. He was then making his arrangements to pass some months in The Fayoum — the most out-of-the-way corner of Egypt, visited by very few persons in or out of Egypt—and carried his intention into effect.

The result was a book, which, however, was not one of his great successes. The discomforts he and his little wife must have endured there, can only be imagined by those who have some knowledge of that place and its inhabitants.

The Fayoum is the least visited part of Egypt, attracting neither the tourist nor the antiquarian; with no European residents, and none of the common comforts of life procurable on the spot.

But there Oliphant took his wife, with a tent and a native man-servant; and there they passed several months, "roughing it," in a way which few Europeans would like to imitate.

Mrs. Oliphant, in her way, was almost as remarkable a personality as her husband; and, though not as eccentric, was yet equally original.

She accompanied him in all his wanderings, East and West—from the Communist Community of Noyes in Ohio, to the Fayoum and Syria; and bore an equal share of the hardships of his adventurous life. She was a slight, small,

frail-looking woman; but her bright eyes and resolute face indicated strong will and determination in the highest degree; and she seemed to partake of the indifference of her husband to what are usually considered the necessary comforts of life. Lady Anne Blunt has gained celebrity by her tours through the East with her husband; but she travelled on horseback, with attendants, and never encountered a tithe of the hardships which met Mrs. Oliphant at every step of her more adventurous pilgrimages.

In America, also, Mrs. Oliphant became a member of the Communist Community, the rigour of whose rules vied with those of the strictest conventual ones; and she finally died at Haifa, on the coast of Syria, in an attempt to live the life of Orientals, and brave that pestilential climate.

Oliphant himself came home to England only to die, at Surbiton, near London, a few weeks after his second marriage.

## CHAPTER V.

Recollections of General Gordon and of Captain Burton during several Years' Intimacy with Both—Personal Peculiarities and Anecdotes concerning the Two—Attempt of Gordon to enlist Burton's Co-operation—Why it failed—Gordon's Methods and Burton's—A word as to Stanley's—Lady Burton as a Woman and Authoress.

THE name and fame of Charles Gordon have become "familiar as household words," since his heroic death and martyrdom at Khartoum. But the appreciations of his character and motives have been as diverse as the persons who have commented on or criticised them, with but little knowledge of the actual man and his peculiarities. I purpose only to recall a few of my reminiscences of General Gordon, as I saw and knew him in Egypt for several years before and after his Governorship of the Soudan, as an Egyptian Viceroy.

The first impression produced by him on a stranger was one of surprise and disappointment. He did not come up to the conception one would naturally have formed of the General of the "Ever-Victorious Army in China;" or of the accomplished leader of hosts. For there was nothing soldierlike in his aspect, dress, or carriage —not even the erectness of person habitual to the well-drilled military man. In fact, he resembled more nearly the student or recluse than the soldier. As he slouched along the streets, with head bent down, looking neither to the right nor left, with an air of abstraction so great as to prevent his recognition of passing acquaintances, no casual observer could have dreamed of his being the famous General and intrepid enthusiast his life-work proved him to be. He was the most self-centred man I ever encountered, and the most profoundly indifferent to other people's views or opinions. He only sought counsel from on high; and no one of Cromwell's Ironsides was ever more sure of being one of the chosen instru-

ments of the Lord, and prompted by His will, than he. He regarded himself as a man of destiny, and his strange career, and equally strange deliverances confirmed him in that belief, and in his fatalism, which was exceeded by no son of Islam. In his own inner consciousness he was ever a man with a mission; and wherever choice or circumstance led him, that mission he was bent on performing, with a total disregard for his own personal comfort or safety. Even in matters of faith he followed no guide, but took his own road, and stubbornly pursued it by the light of his own convictions. In the contradiction between the vagueness and confusion of his spoken and written utterances, and the promptness and decision of his acts, he reminds us of Cromwell —whose peculiarities were much the same, and have puzzled posterity.

Conversation with Gordon was not a colloquy —an interchange of ideas. When interested in a subject, he talked, and you listened to his monologue, delivered in a low, monotonous tone,

without apparent excitement: for he was very seldom animated. The stamp of earnest sincerity and strong conviction was on all his utterances, but he did not care to argue or discuss any question; and you saw it would be useless to attempt to change any of his opinions or beliefs. Nor did he seem to care much what your appreciation of his views might be. On men's judments he set but little store.

On one occasion, when we were sitting together near a window, he rose up suddenly and said, "It is rather dark," and, to my great surprise, thrust his hand through a pane of glass, to open the outer shutter—not remarking that the sash was down. He cut his hand in several places, but tying it up in his handkerchief, paid no further attention to it, but resumed our conversation; resisting my attempts, to see whether any pieces of glass had remained in the hand.

My wife was a great favourite of his, and he would call at Shepheard's Hotel to see her,

shortly before the dinner hour. If engaged in earnest conversation, he would entirely ignore the gong for dinner, and refuse to dine at the table d'hôte with us—but would frequently remain an hour longer, utterly oblivious of dinner and its duties.

For society he had a repugnance; and an entire indifference to dress, especially to uniforms and military trappings.

He was most simple in all his habits, and had fewer artificial wants than any man, outside of a religious order, I ever met.

As a talker his earnestness and sincerity gave interest and weight to what he said; but he was not a brilliant conversationalist —as Richard Burton was; and in this the contrast between the two men was as strongly marked as in other features of their characters, and modes of life. In the ordinary matters of life Gordon was entirely destitute of imagination —although visionary in higher things. Yet General Gordon was not without humour, as

his last journals, prepared under such dire stress of adverse circumstances, clearly prove. The grim saturnine sarcasm of many of those sketches with pen and pencil could not be surpassed; and the vein of tenderness towards the few he lŏved afar off, shows the soft places in that stern and stubborn heart.

His love for children contrasted with his indifference towards men and women generally. I knew intimately some of Gordon's lieutenants, and they all found it impossible to get along with him. He demanded always absolute and unquestioning obedience from all his subordinates—and was often totally inaccessible to them, when his moods were on him. One of his lieutenants, who accompanied him on a perilous expedition, told me it was the General's habit, when he did not wish to be disturbed by any one, to hang up an axe at the door of his tent, as an indication; and that no one then ventured to violate his privacy.

The axe sometimes hung there for a couple

of days. Whether the General, at those periods, was engaged in wrestling in prayer, like the early Puritans, or otherwise occupied, no one knew—or ventured to inquire—for he was not a man to ask questions of, and did not volunteer the information to any one. He was habitually incommunicative to his subalterns, or associates, and this made him unpopular with them. Few of those subordinates remained long under him.

The composition of Gordon's mind was one alien to our century, and to its eminently practical character. If ever there were a machine-made age—one in which pretentious scientists made their God, and the people's God, out of gases and matter, and ignored all that was not visible, palpable, and susceptible of chemical analysis, as unworthy of notice—it is this nineteenth century of ours! It is the age, of all other ages, "of the earth, earthy." And into the midst of this bustling, busy, practical century, there comes a man who still has faith in higher and nobler things than inanimate

matter; especially in its aspect of railways, and telegraphs, and steamships, and a "progress" which only strives to annihilate time and space, and promote human comfort, during its three score and ten years' residence on earth—a man who actually has a sense of something higher and better—and convictions—and a sense of duty paramount to all! What could all respectability do but pronounce such a man as "impracticable"—a visionary, a dreamer of dreams, and sneer at him, while it made little men great and rich and prosperous for accomplishing little things, with much fuss and noise! making Peers for slaying sheep—as mad Ajax did in windy Egypt, as erst in windy Troy? What was to be done with such a Don Quixote in the nineteenth century?

For this is truly "the Golden Age," in which the worship of the golden calf is more universal than with the ancient Israelites; and Gordon cared nothing for money, nor for the notoriety which is "rubric on the walls," and lived and

died poor. It is painful to read in his letters, how his heroic soul was troubled with doubts and fears as to the wants of those he loved, on account of his restricted means, and generous expenditure of the little he had.

Had Gordon lived in the days of the great English Revolution, he might have been a "Fifth Monarchy Man;" he might have "seen visions and dreamed dreams," and have wielded "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon," and have wielded both effectually.

But, living in later days, he was a misplaced man, and the victim of his own enthusiasm and unworldliness.

The only thing to be done with such a man, was to send him on some forlorn hope—to eat his heart out with the long agony of hope deferred; waiting for succour that came too late; and to die through the treachery of those he sought to serve, who were aliens in blood and race to him. And then the tardy remorse of those who sent, and failed, to save him, must find

an expiation in hollow eulogies, and monumental stones, reared for one, who, when alive despised such hollow testimonials. *Requiescat in pace.*

## Sir Richard Burton, Explorer and Author.

A totally different type of man was shown in Richard Burton, a reversal of most of the characteristics of Gordon. Self-reliant, self-sustained, seeking no support from heaven or earth, substituting self-will for faith, and strenuous effort for Divine assistance; endowed by nature with a frame of iron and muscles of steel, he was an athlete who might have figured in the arena in Greek or Roman times. Audacious in speech and act, and fond of shocking the prejudices of those with whom he talked, he was the expounder of the most outrageous paradoxes possible to conceive. He was eminently a social animal; loved the pleasures of the table, and would talk with a friend all night, in preference to going to bed, and in the Chaucerian style. Yet with women I never knew him even hint

an indelicacy; for the charm of his conversation was to them very great, he had so much to tell.

In his earlier days he was a strikingly handsome man; and even since his face had been scarred and furrowed by wounds and trials, there yet lingered on that expressive countenance the "faded splendour wan," which had survived his youth. Among his personal habits was that of carrying in his hand an iron walking-stick, as heavy as a gun, to keep his muscles properly exercised, and a blow from his fist was like a kick from a horse. Mind and muscle with him were equally strong propellers, and the animal nature as vigorous as the intellectual. He had the faculty of making staunch friends and bitter enemies, and many of each.

Burton had a curious characteristic, which he shared with Lord Byron—that of loving to paint himself much blacker than he really was; and to affect vices, much as most men affect virtues, and with the same insincerity.

It amused him to reverse Hamlet's advice, of assuming a virtue though he had it not, and to startle strangers with dark hints of things unmentionable to ears polite.

In some conversations with Trelawny, recently published, that old and intimate friend of Byron dwells on that trait of Byron's character, laughing good-naturedly at it, when questioned as to Byron's real moral character, by his curious interlocutor, who seems to have taken Manfred as a true type of the poet, darkly hinting at haunting memories of past sins.

"Alone with me," says Trelawny, "Byron never boasted of his vices. When others were present, he tried to shock them, and blacken his own character; but he had few vices, and none of those he most affected."

This paragraph might have been as truly written of Burton as of Byron; and a propensity such as this, shared in by two men of such superior intellect, and strong hatred of cant or pretension of any kind, offers a theme most

puzzling to the student of human nature. Nothing amused Burton more than to defy popular prejudices, and horrify simple-minded people by darkly hinting at imaginary sins committed by himself or comrades under stress of circumstances or the pressure of necessity, during his wanderings among savage men in remote places on the sea or on the desert.

He told me, among many others, one story corroborative of this, over which he chuckled most heartily, while narrating it.

Dining in England with a very strait-laced set of people in the country, who, he fancied, considered him as something little short of an ogre, he met several very young ladies, and he made up his mind to horrify them. He commenced giving a narrative of an imaginary shipwreck on the Red Sea, or the Blue Nile, remote from all human habitation or help.

After describing how they all suffered from the pangs of hunger, and the wolfish glances they began to cast on each other from time to time,

as the days wore on, and no relief came; dropping his voice to a mysterious whisper, almost under his breath, he added: "The cabin-boy was young and fat, and looked very tender, and on him, more than on any other, such looks were cast, until——" Here he paused, looked around at the strained and startled faces of his auditors, in which horror was depicted, and then abruptly concluded, as though dismissing a disagreeable memory—"But these are not stories to be told at a cheerful dinner party, in a Christian country, and I had best say no more. Let us turn to some more cheerful subject." Of course he was pressed to continue, and complete his story, but stubbornly refused; leaving his hearers in a most unsatisfactory state of mind as to the *dénouement* of the unfinished narrative. Burton told me he was thoroughly convinced, by the startled looks cast upon him by the younger ladies, that they believed that he and his tougher comrades in the shipwreck had roasted and eaten that cabin-boy, whose tenderness he

had so eulogised. They seemed to have no doubt that he really was a cannibal, in fact as well as in intention.

It frequently is a tendency, observable in men of strong will, to scoff at the judgments and prejudices of their weaker brethren; yet there are but few men who would carry it so far as this, and never subsequently take the trouble to remove the impression thus formed.

At one time General Gordon made overtures to Burton, to join him in the Soudan, with a view to co-operation in the work to be done there; while the former was in the employ of the Egyptian Government, during the reign of Ismail Pacha. But Burton did not relish the idea. His reason was the very simple one, that there could not be two heads to one body, and that neither Gordon nor himself could play a secondary part, or obey the orders of a superior. It is a curious matter for speculation, as to what the result of such a coalition would have been, could the terms have been arranged. For

nature never made two men more diametrically opposed in thought, feeling and principle, than those two celebrities. It is more than probable that such a combination would have resulted in a speedy conflict and collision between two characters as strong and stubborn as theirs.

As their characters and conduct were so totally different, so also were their methods, and their plans and purposes. For the one represented the St. Paul, after his conversion; the other, the Saul of the earlier period. The one was the apostle of persuasion, with an appointed mission; the other the apostle of force, and of worldly expediency, without fanaticism.

The cardinal mistake in Gordon's policy and treatment of the natives in the Soudan, was the attempt to deal with a set of unscrupulous savages as though they were susceptible of the finer sympathies of civilized human beings.

His final effort, and the treachery through which he perished, prove this conclusively.

Richard Burton would have made no such

mistake. He thoroughly knew the men he had to deal with, and had no illusions.

He would have had no confidence in African sympathy or affection for the foreigner and the Christian; and might probably in his treatment of the Soudanese have been as much too harsh as Gordon was too kind.

The combination of two such systems must have proved utterly incongruous and incompatible, and the conflict of two such opposite characters inevitable. Yet could the different characteristics of the two men have been blended into one, the apparently insolvable question of the colonization and civilization of Central Africa might have found the man fitted to grapple with and settle it.

In the latest and, for the moment, most conspicuous African semi-political missionary, Mr. Stanley, the ideas of Burton, not of Gordon, seem to have prevailed. In his hand is the sword of St. Peter, not the cross of St. Paul; and the heads as well as the ears of many centurions are lopped off as his march progresses. Stanley,

like Burton, attempts to make no "Pilgrim's Progress;" and seems sometimes almost ruthless, in forcing his way through reluctant or hostile communities or tribes.

As Burton's explorations were never made with strong-armed escorts, it is impossible to say whether he, under similar circumstances, would have done as Stanley has, and forced, where he could not find a path of exploration, over the bodies of resisting Savages, seeking to expel the invader from their country.

The earlier as well as the closing incidents of Gordon's career constitute a drama in which there were many acts, the last of which was the saddest and sternest tragedy of modern times.

But he was not the pioneer in this effort to conciliate the Soudanese. Years before, Saïd Pacha, Viceroy of Egypt, had attempted to organize the government of the Soudan, and annex it to Egypt in fact as well as in name. He visited the country, penetrating as far as Khartoum, and gave a most liberal charter, under

which existing abuses were removed. He gave them a most able Governor, in the person of Arakel Bey, who, had he lived, might have rivalled the reputation of his more famous brother Nubar Pacha. But Arakel Bey died from the fever of the climate, and the Viceroy's other representatives were unable or unwilling to carry out the promised reforms, aggravating discontents by the promise of better things.

Saïd Pacha's policy was that of Gordon—a policy of conciliation, and an appeal to an enlightened self-interest, made to the natives by one who they knew was capable of carrying it out. But it failed, for the reasons stated.

Saïd's successor, Ismail, resorted to force to compel the submission of the warlike Soudanese; and the successive Governorships of Gordon and Baker Pachas, created only a chronic condition of rebellion and resistance to Egyptian authority outside the range of the repeating rifles of their soldiers.

This is the moral of the story so graphically

told by Sir Samuel Baker, in his narrative of the expedition made by him; the mark made by it being similar to the passage of a ship through the sea—as it was opened before, closing behind, leaving no trace of its pathway.

Practically the same result has followed every effort made there, including Emin Bey's—at one time regarded as too firmly established to be shaken.

To-day the net result of the sacrifice of so many noble Christian lives, martyrised for duty and love of fame, has been the re-closing of that part of the African Continent to civilization, and the renewed sway of the slave-hunters, the Mahdists, and Dervishes, over a vast area, once partially redeemed.

The infant Congo settlement is the only point of light amidst the surrounding darkness, a forlorn hope—a problem yet to be solved.

## Lady Burton.

Lady Burton was and is a remarkable woman, and a fitting helpmate to her husband in many respects, although in mind and character his direct opposite. A strikingly handsome and imposing-looking woman, she attracted and fixed the roving fancy of Burton in her early youth; and submitted to the spell of his personal magnetism, although at that time no two human beings could have been more utterly unlike. She was one of the old Arundel family, staunch Catholics all of them; a model of all the feminine proprieties, yet engaged herself with the free-thinking pilgrim from Mecca.

One day he came, claimed, and took her away; like the lady in the romaunt of the Sleeping Beauty.

She adopted many of her husband's ways of life and theories as to woman's sphere of duty;

and used, on their expeditions in the East, and in their tent life, to do a man's work after a march, and made herself a good shot with rifle and pistol, with no hesitation in using either effectively, if necessary. Intellectually, she was quite the peer of her husband; and Burton declared seriously to me, that his wife's books sold better, and made more money, than his own.

The most striking and interesting of those books of hers is the "Inner Life of Syria," wherein she describes the Eastern woman and her ways and surroundings, with a *verve* and picturesqueness which recall the letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; with the addition of a fund of information derived from long intercourse with the inmates of the Harem, which her gifted precursor had no means of acquiring.

Any one desirous of knowing what the Eastern woman really is, and what her actual life, can get the information better through

Lady Burton's books than from any other source.

In one respect, Burton's influence over his wife was limited. He never could shake her religious faith, or the fervent practice of her religion. On this one point she was adamant.

In many passages of her book on Syria, her declaration of faith passes almost into mysticism, although veiled by the pretext of a dream.

The fervent appeal to the Queen, to do tardy justice to her husband's services, in the same book, shows how warmly the woman's heart still beats for him after so many years of wedded life; and gives "that touch of nature" which "makes the whole world kin."

Men who have not done a tithe of his work, for Queen and country, have received peerages, pensions and large money grants, for their recompense!

When, however, the work done and its recompense become proportional, in any country, we shall have arrived at the millennium!

Lady Burton's latest labour of love has been to issue an expurgated edition—for the use of families—of her husband's literal translation of "The Thousand and One Nights;" familiar to our boyhood through the English version of Galland's French translation, from which all the crudities and indecencies of the original were carefully expunged.

Burton has given those wonderful narratives in all their naked simplicity, told, as they were, without regard to decency or morality; and it is a painful commentary on the refinement of the nineteenth century that he has made more money out of the prurient taste of the higher class of the community, to whom it was offered at exceptionally high prices, than out of his books recording his strange incidents of explorations and adventures, almost unparalleled in modern travel.

It is melancholy to have to add that the improper book sold, and paid liberally, while the proper one did not.

To Burton's cynical humour this fact must have been very amusing; but it tells badly for what we pompously term "The Spirit of the Age;" for the readers must have been all English in both cases, that being the language in which both books were published.

At the present time, with broken health, and a spirit doubtless soured by the small recognition his great services have received, Richard Burton lives retired, in the nominal charge of his Consulate at Trieste, while smaller and meaner men strut conspicuously over the public stage, and fill the public eye.

To the few who know and properly appreciate him and his gifted wife, they both fill a high place in the records of our century; but it will probably be reserved for posterity to appreciate them at their true valuation.

The following letter, which appeared in the London *Morning Post* of the 15th June, will show the appreciation of the Pioneer Explorer in Central Africa, and that of his devoted wife,

as to the recognition and rewards he has received from a grateful country, and what their expectations for the future are.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING POST.

SIR,—My relations have startled me with a paragraph from a "London Correspondent" saying that "Sir Richard Burton is lying very dangerously ill, neglected and alone, in a London lodging, whilst Stanley is being fêted." If the love and devotion of a wife may count for anything, Sir Richard will never be neglected nor alone whilst I am alive. I have been married to him for nearly thirty years, besides a five years' engagement, and during all those thirty-five years I have never been absent from him one day that I was allowed to be with him—in other words, I have never been absent except to execute his orders. For the last seven years we have hardly been a day apart, and for the last three and a half years that he has been ailing,

never one hour away out of the twenty-four. During these three and a half years we have, in consequence of the weakness of his health, sacrificed everything, to have a resident English doctor (who was looking for such a berth) living and travelling with us. And instead of a London lodging, we have a beautiful and romantic home (with every comfort for him that our means allow) at the very head of the Adriatic. Next year his term of service expires (forty-nine years' actual service), and then we shall both be, if alive, "in a London lodging, neglected and alone." But to state that now, is what the Americans would call "a little previous." On the other hand, I am very grateful to the correspondent, for the truth of his statement about my husband's career, showing that in the midst of the fêteing and rejoicings for the great traveller Stanley, the pioneer who opened up the way, without money or help or applause, enduring the severest hardships and perils, and cold receptions on his return, is not forgotten at home; and that they

know, that it is to him first that they owe the fact that many of these desolate regions have now trade, and schools, and missions, and the beginning of civilization. I feel confident that God will make up to him, more than he has missed of this world's honours.—Yours truly,

ISABEL BURTON.

TRIESTE, *June* 15.

## CHAPTER VI.

At Constantinople—The City of Stamboul, and the European Colonies of Pera and Galata—Fresh Impressions on and after Landing up the Hill to Pera—What it is like.

In September, 1883, I paid a visit to Constantinople, which I had visited twice before, in the days when Reschid Pacha and Abdul Medjid were the shining lights of Islam and of Turkey, and first introduced such reforms as are struggling for existence now.

I went with the double purpose of renewing my old souvenirs of Turkey, and at the same time to see if it were possible to carry out a grand enterprise, similar to the canal of Suez.

My idea was to construct a ship railway on the Eads' system (now being carried out in

Canada by the famous English engineer, Sir John Fowler), to supplement, or rival the Suez Canal; the latter having proved inadequate to meet the growing requisitions of trade with the East. I entered into communication with Captain Eads, then attempting to introduce his system at Tehuantepec, in rivalry with the Panama Canal.

The great engineer informed me that, for the moment, he had his hands very full, and was pledged to his associates to introduce the ship railway on the other Isthmus; yet if a concession could be obtained from the Sultan on fair conditions, he would undertake the work suggested by me at a cost not exceeding £5,000,000 sterling, for building and equipping the road with all necessary rolling stock, etc. Encouraged by this promise, and by the fact that the cost of such a ship railway would be infinitely smaller, and its gains much greater, than any that could be hoped for from the contemplated supplementary canal at Suez, I went to work with great zeal and energy

to carry out the project, with the approval and co-operation of friends, who concurred with me as to the merits and practicability of the enterprise.

The plan proposed, was to construct a ship-railway from El Arish, the boundary line between Turkey and Egypt, over Turkish domain, to the head of the Gulf of Akabah, where there was a fine harbour, with ever-open communication to the Red Sea, and where expensive works would not be required.

The difficulties of the route for laying such a road were very small, the distance very little greater than that between Port Said and Suez.

The great inducement to the Sultan would be freedom from all foreign interference, and a direct route, controlled by the Porte, between his dominions in Turkey, and its dependencies in Arabia, including the holy cities of Mecca and Medina.

The expenses of the enterprise were not to be encountered by him, but by the company to be formed; and he was to receive an annual subsidy from such company.

I caused attractive maps, plans, and full explanations of the scheme, together with confirmatory testimony as to its practicability, from great English and American engineers, in English, French, and Turkish, to be prepared for presentation to the Sultan himself; together with propositions as to the terms and conditions on which the work would be contracted for, and completed by, a company organized for the purpose.

These maps, plans, and propositions, got up gorgeously in velvet and gold (as is the habit there), I caused to be presented to the Sultan, through one of his favourite aides-de-camp (a French engineer, standing high in his favour), who interested himself deeply in the matter, in the hope of rivalling the fame of his countryman, de Lesseps, if not as the originator, at least as the active agent in carrying out this great work.

At first the Sultan seemed much impressed by the proposal, and inclined to consider it seriously;

but it immediately became the subject of a palace intrigue, and people near to his person, greedy for baksheesh, otherwise plunder, intermeddled to delay or frustrate my negotiations.

Like Aristotle's hungry swarm of flies, the more importunate these blood-suckers became, and the more numerous, the longer "Bakaloum" (we shall see about it), the Turkish plea for delay, ruled the situation at the palace.

But in spite of all annoyances and drawbacks, I stubbornly persisted in my efforts, calling to my aid even the Kislar Aga, or head eunuch, a black man, whose influence with the Sultan is equal to, or greater than, that of the Grand Vizir, whom he equals in rank and position at court. This man's religious zeal was inflamed by the idea of a direct and independent route to the holy cities, over Mussulman territory to the pilgrims, instead of over the Kaffir (infidel) canal.

But the sudden and unexpected death of Captain Eads, at middle age, brought all my labours to a conclusion; for he left no heir to

succeed to his inheritance of engineering work; and without him the whole affair collapsed, went into the "*Ewigkeit*," as Hans Breittmann expresses it.

My beautiful maps, plans, proposals, and "great expectations," were all buried with him, and the former still remain in the private cabinet of the Sultan, or went into his waste basket; for I have never heard of or seen them since I announced the death of the great Engineer, and the withdrawal of the propositions founded on his engineering skill and invention.

But it was only after eighteen months' hard work over this project that the final and fatal collapse occurred; leaving me and my hopes stranded on the shores of the Bosphorus, that "piece of heaven fallen to earth," which has witnessed so many told and untold tragedies, in recent as in ancient times.

Lingering there for some time afterwards, I was enabled to collect much curious information relative to the successors of the old Byzantines,

and the very diverse races that people it. A few of these experiences I propose to incorporate in these reminiscences, concerning men and matters, which the Cook's tourist, or his more aristocratic brother escorted by his courier or dragoman, voyaging there, will never see or hear of.

One must live awhile at Constantinople, as well as elsewhere, really to know much about place or people; and of all races the Turk is the most inaccessible and uncommunicative about himself or his surroundings.

The first thing that strikes the stranger is the unsurpassable loveliness of the site and its surroundings. Nature has lavished on both her choicest beauties and rarest gifts.

The Bosphorus and the Golden Horn are dreams which never weary the eye or the soul in contemplating. You never can become familiar to satiety with either, in spite of adjuncts and accessories which otherwise would soon disenchant the most robust imagination.

"They are dreams of beauty and joys for ever" in actuality, as in remembrance.

As you float on the broad bosom of the Bosphorus, in a frail caïque, rowed by the sinewy Turkish or Greek boatman, arrayed in his picturesque costume, pausing at the Sweet Waters of Asia, to peer curiously at the Eastern houris, enveloped in their bright-coloured wrappages of silk, but with veils of gossamer, enhancing the charms they pretend to hide, you recall all the stories of the "Thousand and One Nights," and fancy the *Caliph Haroun el Rashid* still reigns at Cairo, and the old Sultans at Stamboul. Where the ancient "Bower of Bliss," as the Imperial Hareem was wont to be called, although sadly dilapidated, looks down from the Seraglio Point on the Bosphorus, near Stamboul, there is a magnificent view both of Stamboul and of Scutari, as well as of the Sea of Marmora. But although the outside still preserves something of its ancient glamour to the stranger's eye, the internal changes are soon perceptible as the

traveller's foot rests on *terra firma*, especially if he be landed at Galata Bridge, the great connecting artery between the Turkish Stamboul and the Christian suburbs of Pera and Galata.

Stop on the bridge, and look around you, and you will see a scene perfectly unique, and differing from any other to be seen elsewhere in East or West—a *pot-pourri* of all imaginable nationalities, costumes, races, colours and occupations. Pass from the bridge into Galata, and your disenchantment is complete; though you are still jostled by Oriental people, in all the picturesque squalor which characterises the lower orders, in this strange collection of all the scum of the earth, blown hither by adverse or favourable breezes from East or West.

Nowhere in the world is there a transition more sudden, or more startling, than this. From "The East," of our early memories and dreams, derived from the reading of their one book, which may not irreverently be denominated their Bible,

or Biblion (great book), into the mean traffic of Maltese and Sicilian and nondescript hucksters of European products, such as bacon, sausages, brandies, and other articles which stink in the nostrils of the faithful, you pass through narrow lanes rather than streets, redolent of all such abominations, with drunken and blasphemous European sailors, and vulgar hucksters barring your way; until you emerge into pure air and wider streets, as you ascend the winding road leading up-hill, towards the tramway and cemetery, which leads to Pera.

There are several modes of transit up the steep streets which lead to the latter place, wherein, during the winter months, the Foreign Ambassadors and European residents usually reside.

There is a tramway; there is a tunnel piercing through the bowels of the steep hill, which leads straight up from Galata to Pera. There are also most rickety old hacks, drawn by spavined horses, which will take you up to Misseri's, or

any other hotel of your choice, for a reasonable compensation, supplemented by baksheesh to the driver—the Eastern imitation of the French "*pourboire*," and as thoroughly indigenous to the soil.

Arrived and safely landed at Pera, you find yourself in an imitation European town, with very little of the Oriental about it, except the appearance of an occasional minaret and dome, perceptible from the distance: and the lounging Turkish soldiers, and semi-Oriental Levantines, chiefly of Italian origin, filling the cafés and encumbering the sidewalks, by sitting at little tables ranged outside, where they smoke the nargileh, like Homer's gods "careless of mankind."

Another feature of the streets, and an equal nuisance to pedestrians, are the gaunt, hairless, and hungry dogs, of most wolflike aspect, but lamblike demeanour, houseless and ownerless—the scavengers of the city.

These creatures encumber all the sidewalks,

never taking the trouble of getting up or out of your way, seeming to consider themselves sole proprietors of the right of way in the public streets. Barring these slight inconveniences and anomalies, a person of lively imagination might fancy himself to be in a European town, while picking his way through the streets of Pera.

The Grande Rue of Pera, which formerly used to be an unpaved narrow lane, filled with all abominations, and holes of all depths between huge disjointed stones, is now, thanks to the fire, which gave it an opportunity of renewal on the modern system, a really fine street. For about two miles, which is traversed by a tram-way, it is a street, which would be creditable to any European town; and its club-house, shops, hotels, and private residences, are suggestive of Paris. If you drive through it in a carriage, and are not compelled to descend to the earth, and pick your way among dogs and vagabonds of the human species encumbering the sidewalks, the

effect of a run through the Grande Rue will be pleasurable.

The Greek element—the Rayah Greek subject of the Porte, and dressing and living greatly in Turkish style—as well as the Levantine, or person of European descent, whose ancestors have been resident in the East since Byzantine days, are the prevailing types at Pera. Emerging from the Grande Rue, you find the smaller ones more of an Oriental than European pattern, and odorous of smells which are not wafted from "Araby the blest."

The high-class Turk avoids the Christian suburbs of Pera, Galata, and Tophane, as places of residence, as he would a pestilence. With the exception of Government officials and persons connected with the Court, he dwells either in his yali, on the banks of the Bosphorus, or at Stamboul or Scutari, making it a great point to be buried in the cemetery of the latter place, on the sacred soil of Asia.

The European bank of the Bosphorus, with its

pretty villages nestling among green trees, is pretty much given up to Christians, foreign or native, with a few exceptions. The native Christians —comprising Greek Rayahs, Armenians, and Copts—numbering largely, possess much wealth.

But the meanest Mussulman thinks himself entitled to look down with scorn on the highest and most fortunate of "these Christian dogs," whom he generally treats with contemptuous forbearance—partly the result of apathy, and partly of the respect and fear produced by the presence in their midst of the representatives of the foreign powers.

For these latter constitute the real "Imperium in imperio in partibus Infidelium;" and, if they presume somewhat on their position in their intercourse with the rest of mankind, their peculiar privileges and powers almost necessarily produce "pride, vainglory, and ambition," as natural effects.

The consul, even of a small and insignificant foreign power, in Turkey is, to some extent, a

power. The ambassador of a great European power is a potentiality, to whom the great Padischah himself has to defer, and spends much of his time in attempting to cajole, by presents or flattery. Hence the Corps Diplomatique at Constantinople is something high and holy, which elsewhere it is not; and those not admitted into the pale of its intimacy, are not in "society."

The dwellings of the ambassadors at Constantinople are not called embassies. They are alluded to with bated breath as "palaces!" and their Excellencies regarded as something higher than man, if a little lower than divinity. Your Turk "kotows" to a superior in gesture and genuflexion; but it is more an outward reverence that moves him, than an internal prostration of all his faculties in the presence of a highly-placed man, such as animates the Levantine Christian in the land of the East. The cringing of the one class produces the insolence and arrogance of the other; and the East is, therefore, a bad school for

budding diplomatists, who, on their return to other countries, have to unlearn much, of what they have learned there.

The doctrine of "exterritoriality," which gives exclusive jurisdiction over all of his own nationality —especially in all criminal matters—to the foreign representative in Turkey, clothes that representative with powers and attributes, which he does not enjoy elsewhere; and makes him a far more important personage than in a Christian country.

This exclusive privilege has been, and is, a thorn in the side of the later Sultans, who have striven in every way to abolish or evade it, under the pretext that Turkey now ought to rank with civilized nations, having been admitted as a member at the European Council Board; but sad will be the day to the foreign resident in the Ottoman Empire, should this plea be allowed, and the "capitulations," under which "exterritoriality" was given and exists, be abrogated or even impinged. For the great mass of "Rayah,"

or native Christian subjects of the Sultan, it affords no protection. They are forced to be subject to the local law, and are compelled to resort to bribery to secure, not even-handed justice, but some modicum of that commodity. The craft and endurance of this class, and their superior intelligence and energy, however, permit them to live among their Turkish neighbours in comparative safety as to life and liberty; though of their gains they are habitually despoiled.

The population of Constantinople may roughly be estimated at half a million; of these one-half are Turks, the other half Christian Rayahs, Jews, Armenians, and a sprinkling of Russian and other Eastern races.

At Pera, Galata, and Tophane, the Christian suburbs, the trade is controlled by the Greeks, Armenians and Jews, with a few European houses chiefly trading with Europe. At Stamboul, the Turks have the local trade mostly in their own hands, though at the Grand Bazaar the Armenian and the Jew dispute it with them; and

it is curious there to see the goods of Manchester and Birmingham, and latterly of Germany, side by side with the rich stuffs and carpets of the East. Gas and water works have been introduced into the Christian suburbs, which at night are well lighted up, with the carriages and tramways conveying crowds to the gardens of Taxim, on the outskirts of the city, which, with those of the Petit Champs, created by Blaque Bey, formerly Turkish Minister at Washington, and now Prefect of Pera, a most energetic and able Frenchman, are nightly resorted to for fresh air.

The sipping of coffee, smoking of nargilehs and drinking of mastic, are energetically pursued at these places, to the accompaniment of a band of music; and they are crowded by the female portion of the Christian population. Not so at Stamboul, which, shrouded in darkness when night comes, is as a city of the dead, given over to the prowling dogs who hold carnival, and make night hideous in its deserted streets.

The houses are all carefully closed, and few are the lights which twinkle through the barred shutters; the shops are all closed; no watchmen patrol the streets, and yet crime in the shape of assassination and burglary is almost unknown, though painfully frequent on the other side of the Galata Bridge, where the Christian population dwell. As the steamers are not allowed to ply up and down the Bosphorus at night, that great artery is as silent and as deserted as Stamboul; save when the light caïque skims over its surface, or the heavier row-boat crosses from side to side with its human freight. The contrast is a striking exemplification, of the impossibility of ever blending together the discordant elements, which populate the capital city of the Sultan, with nothing in common in their lives, their habits, their hopes or their creeds, and with hatred and contempt, blended with a wholesome fear, on the Turkish side, and smothered scorn and aversion on that of the Christian, be he foreigner or Rayah. The "City of the Sultan,"

like his empire, "divided against itself," must fall before the close of many years.

The conscience of Christendom cannot always permit the "unspeakable" Turk to occupy the two most sacred sites in its history, Jerusalem and Santa Sophia; nor will it be always its truest policy, to convert into a permanent possession, what never was more than an encampment in Europe.

The Turcoman came as a scourge from his far wilds, to chastise the vices of an effete and decaying civilization. Those vices he has aggravated and perpetuated, until Constantinople is but a pale shadow of old Byzantium, without the refinement and culture which gave gloss to sin, and refinement to luxury.

The barbaric virtues of the invader have given place to a sham civilization, as unlike the European, as the Stamboul costume is to that after which it is patterned; and decay and degradation have set their stamp on Stamboul, which nature has done its best to beautify, and man to mar.

Who shall finally take possession of, and hold that loveliest of sites and most unique of cities, is one of those problems, which time alone can solve. But the Turk cannot stay much longer, nor will he make more than a feeble resistance against his expulsion.

## CHAPTER VII.

A Friday Morning at Beschicktach—The Sultan at his Prayers—Incidents of the Ceremonial—Abdul Hamid's Conduct on such Occasions—His Personal Appearance and Peculiarities—The History of Beschicktach, the Turkish Windsor—Memories of Dead Sultans, and of one Buried Alive—Artin Pacha Dadian, Under Secretary of State.

ONE of the most busy as well as most remarkable Turkish villages on the European bank of the Bosphorus, which is chiefly given up to the Christian, foreign and native, is Beschicktach, the nearest large station to Constantinople; for there you find not only the Grand Imperial Palace of Dolma Bagtché, in which the Sultan receives foreign princes and diplomatic notabilities, but a cluster of other royal palaces as well. Among them is the palace-prison of the Sultan's

deposed brother Mourad; which is overlooked from the heights by his own favourite residence, Yildiz Kiosk, the great centre of Turkish diplomacy and intrigue, within whose walled space Abdul Hamid plots and plans and lives, rarely venturing beyond its precincts, and then under escort of a military force eight thousand strong.

These excursions are made from his palace gate, for about twenty yards across the street, to a mosque which he has had specially built for his devotions, on every Friday; which Turkish law and usage compel him to make a public function, it being the Mussulman sabbath.

Not so his predecessor, Abdul Medjid; but he was a man in character and conduct totally unlike the present Sultan—a bold, restless man, not haunted, as his successor, with hourly fears of assassination, and the victim of such nervous terrors, that persons who are presented to him, are warned, under no pretext or necessity, to put their hands into their pockets, while in his presence.

It was the habit of Abdul Médjid, after having said his prayers on Friday, to pass over to the Sweet Waters of Asia, on the Bosphorus, or of Europe, on the Golden Horn, the two Hyde Parks of Constantinople, where all the nobility and fashion of Stamboul (male and female) were wont to assemble on "their day of rest."

Whether the former Sultan's visits were intended to exhibit himself to his people, or in the hope of selecting one houri more for his well-stocked "Abode of Bliss" (Hareem), is uncertain; but he used to visit these resorts with but a small escort, and looked out from the windows of his marble palace, with dull, blood-shot eyes, over the lovely landscape, and the improvised picnic parties, composed of Turkish ladies, squatting on their carpets spread over the grass, sipping sherbets and eating sweetmeats, with the look of a weary and jaded man to whom pomp, power and pleasure had only brought satiety; but free from the craven fears which haunt and poison Abdul Hamid's solitary existence.

Beschicktach has ever been the favourite resort of previous Sultans during the summer season, for situated between two lovely valleys, and overlooked by hills, which from their heights command magnificent views of the Bosphorus and of Pera on the one side, and of Seraglio Point and Scutari on the other, its natural beauties are very great.

The gardens surrounding the palace are of vast extent, and shut out from public view by high and massive walls; yet glimpses of their beauties can be caught through the high barred gates which guard the entrance to them.

In these palaces, and in that of Seraglio Point, are stowed away the three hundred women attached to the Sultan; some of them legacies from his predecessors, and the retinue of many thousands of eunuchs and slaves in attendance on them.

This town of palaces contains, among others, also Cheragan, the old palace of the Sultan Mahmoud, as also of Abd-el-Aziz; and it was the

scene of the final tragedy which ended his life and woes; the real truth about which never has been, and possibly never may be, clearly known.

Removed, at his own request, from the Seraglio Point, where he was first confined after his deposition, he "was suicided" there, June 13th, 1876, by having his arteries cut by a pair of scissors—a novelty in that line. He was the seventh Sultan who had come to grief, out of the twenty-four successors to Mohammed II., the conqueror of Constantinople, and founder of the line.

Beschicktach was the first palace built of stone by the Sultans. The name signifies the *cradle-stone*, taken from a rock of peculiar form in its vicinity. The monument of the famous pirate, Barbarossa, who ended as a Turkish admiral and hero, under his true name Khaireddin, used to stand just before the palace of Dolme Batchke.

The Sultan has a large variety of palaces to pick and choose from; for on the Bosphorus the

palaces and Imperial gardens (including three presented to him by the late Khedive of Egypt), number no less than six on the European, and a dozen on the Asiatic side. Most of them he has never put his foot into.

There are two ways of getting to Beschicktach from Pera, by tramway, carriage, or on horseback, over a very rough and stony road; or by steamer, which touches at the station there every half-hour.

The latter is far the easiest and most agreeable way. On mounting the hill by a steep and stony street for a hundred yards, you reach the main street of Beschicktach, where cabs and carriages are on hire, and strange to say, boot-blacks, with their boxes and brushes, are also to be found. These two indications of progress in a Frank direction are rather astonishing, with such an environment; for the population, and all the other surroundings, are intensely Oriental. This town, from its vicinity to the Sultan's residence and palaces, is chiefly composed of

Turks, with only a sprinkling of Armenians, Greeks, and Jews.

The shops are chiefly what we should call country groceries, with Oriental cafés in abundance, where most of the population seem to congregate to smoke nargilehs, eat fruit, and drink coffee all day long. Unlike the lively Arab, your Turk, whose talent for silence is immense, sits there in silence, apparently thinking of nothing at all; but the hubbub which comes unceasingly from the barracks, with which the town is filled, the stamping and neighing of the cavalry horses, and strange sounds proceeding from the musical bands, and the homeless dogs which dispute the streets with the foot-passengers, make amends for the absence of human speech. Emerging from the dirty and tortuous lane which leads from the quay to this street, I encountered a Turkish street vendor of unconsidered trifles. To my great surprise, I found among his wares a coloured representation of the Bosphorus, and of the cities of

the Sultan, and of the Franks, which constitute its terminal points. Although I have devoted much time and trouble to the survey of pictures, in many galleries, and streets of many cities in many lands, I am free to confess that anything like the picture he offered me on this occasion I never had beheld in my world-wide wanderings, nor, in fact, anything remotely resembling it. It was evidently the work of a native Turkish artist, who like the German professor drawing the camel, had "evolved it from out his inner consciousness." Yet there could be no mistaking what it was intended to represent. The picture was about thirty inches by twelve, on very thin coarse paper. It was coloured; bright green, yellow, red, and dingy white being the prevailing tints. There was not the slightest attempt at perspective, so the Bosphorus was apparently running straight up hill, in a dirty white line representing water, the ships on it painted black and yellow, in the remote distance, being twice the size of those nearest the supposed

spectator. The elevated bluffs were represented by a regular series of children's mud-pies, at equal distances and heights, all of them painted dark green.

The city of Stamboul was composed of a crowd of black and white square boxes, surrounded by mosques, and cupolas, and minarets of gigantic height, painted red and white; while the Frank towns were minus the minarets to a great extent. The two bridges spanning the connecting points were serpentine instead of straight, and painted a bright sea-green.

At the right-hand corner of this work of art (now my property) Kibab Bey, pinxit, is inscribed; on the left-hand corner, you observe "Pilaff Effendi, sculpsit," or words to that effect. These doubtless were the native artists who conceived and executed this remarkable work—unique of its kind, as far as my observation goes. For, although the "true believer" is forbidden by the Koran, "to make unto himself any graven image in the heaven above or the earth beneath,

or the waters under the earth," in accordance with the commandment given to Moses, and appropriated by Mohammed, yet the modernized Turk has now violated that injunction.

It is true there is no love of art among the bulk of the Sultan's subjects, who still deem it irreligious; but the demand for coffee, for pipes, for fruit, and for all descriptions of nuts and vegetables seems unceasing and immeasurable. Every other shop in the street seems to be either a café or eating-house, or a grocery *à la Turque*; the itinerant vendors swarm in the streets where pavements or sidewalks there are none, disputing with the dogs the right of way, escaping from passing carriages and horses by an ever-recurring series of miracles. The noise arising from the hoarse throats of the vendors, who have the lungs of Stentors, and the snarling and howling of the dogs, constitute the street music of Beschicktach, and quite rival the martyrdom of the barrel organ in London. It has been said by imaginative travellers, that the dog nuisance had been

greatly abated in Pera and Stamboul, and so it has been measurably in those two places. But when you wander through the intricate mazes of the so-called streets of the villages or towns on the Bosphorus, you meet or stumble over large families of dogs every step you take. But let us carefully steer our way among or over the recumbent dogs, which throng the inodorous pathways, never visited by broom or street-cleaner, and, securing a carriage drawn by two sorry and half-starved hacks, take our place in the long file of conveyances bearing spectators to the devotion of the Sultan. Every Friday witnesses the same cortége, and the same crowd—both native and foreign—and neither seem to tire of the exhibition, though invariably the same. When the cannon proclaims the hour of midday *à la Turque* (which varies every day, since sunset is always twelve o'clock by the Turkish computation of time—and watches must be set every day), it is supposed the Sultan leaves his palace, to go to the mosque most convenient for him.

He is preceded by a large number of troops of the line and cavalry, both presenting a martial and imposing appearance, for the army is well fed, clothed and cared for, whatever might be said of the civil employés and population at large. The estimated number of men under arms at Constantinople, varies from fifty to eighty thousand. Nobody knows accurately.

On they come with great blasts of trumpets and beating of drums, and barbarous music. There is a "Sultan's March," of course, probably several of them, composed by obsequious Levantine Europeans, and dedicated to His Imperial Majesty.

After the troops have filed past, or formed a living lane through which the Padischah is to pass, securely fenced in from his loving subjects, who swarm like bees, with a few Christian wasps among them; a cortége of carriages conveying the high functionaries of the Empire, military and civil, announces the coming of the Sultan in person. A splendid Persian carpet is immediately unrolled from the door of the mosque

to the spot outside; where the foot of His Majesty might otherwise touch the earth on which ordinary mortals tread; and every particle of dust is brushed therefrom by obsequious slaves, until the Imperial foot is placed upon it. The high functionaries descend from their carriages, and form an inner lane on each side of the door, and await the arrival of the august one. Sometimes he comes in a carriage, sometimes on horseback, less frequently by water in his State caïque.

On this occasion he rode a white Arab charger of purest blood, as proud and pampered as the master who bestrode him, and apparently much happier.

I stood within twenty yards of him, just behind a line of veiled women, who were allowed to occupy the front line of spectators on foot—and whose presence there mystified me not a little, being apparently so contrary to the Eastern rule of the seclusion of woman, and her exclusion from public places. The mystery was explained, as the

Sultan rode up. For then, while a shrill cry of welcome rose up to greet the Sovereign's arrival, every woman's hand held up and fluttered in the air, not a handkerchief as I first imagined, but a petition, addressed to the Commander of the Faithful in person, and which he is supposed to read, and decide upon when thus presented, by an ancient usage. I fear the form remains while the substance is lost; but Turkish officers came and carefully took away all these petitions, yet whether the Sultan ever saw them is extremely dubious.

The ceremony went on while the Sultan was dismounting from his charger, and up to this moment he had made no acknowledgment of his reception by the crowd, whose existence he seemed to ignore, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but straight at vacancy. On arriving at the head of the steps, he turned around, and facing the multitude as he stood in the doorway of the mosque, made a slight and almost imperceptible gesture, a shadowy imitation

of the Papal benediction; and, followed by his functionaries, disappeared within the building to repeat his Namaz, which comprises the morning prayer, and is more lengthy and full of formulas, than the simpler forms of the Christian rites, as practised in the West.

He is supposed to occupy with his devotions about an hour, after which he returns to his Palace, Yildiz Kiosk, with the same state and ceremony, and the same demonstrations, with which he came. I must confess that the cries of the welcome sounded to me less like a spontaneous popular demonstration than a carefully got-up *claque* on the French theatrical plan, so hollow and forced did it seem. But I may have been mistaken, for it is only the English-speaking voices that understand how to give a good hearty ringing cheer, on public occasions, or "a good mouth-filling oath" on private ones. So we may as well give both Sultan and subjects the benefit of the doubt on this occasion.

Standing so near the Sultan, I had a perfect

view of him, and took his photograph with my eye, during the two or three minutes he rested under its focus. Abdul Hamid, Grand Padishah or Father of the Sovereigns of the Earth; *Imanul* Muslemim, *Chief of the Faith*; *Zil Ullalo*, Shadow of God; *Hunkiar*, Man Slayer; and several other titles—is a slight, spare, sallow-faced man—wearing a short black beard—and both in face and expression and general aspect, resembling the Armenian rather than Turkish type, as generally seen at Constantinople—a face in which there is more of the fox than of the lion.

Besides a cordon of barracks, and of troops surrounding the palace externally, he keeps a small army of officials inside of it—or appertaining to it—under the euphonious title of the Sultan's household.

Not being permitted to peep behind the sacred curtain, which screens the Harem from profane eyes—wherein his houris are congregated, not his wives (for the Sultan is too superior to the rest of mankind ever to marry), we must confine our-

selves to the selamlik, or men's apartments—always separate from the women's in the East.

The Sultan has around him, and at his call, exclusive of his Kislar Aga, or head Eunuch, and his sable army of supervisors, no less than hundreds of persons, exclusive of swarms of servants, chiboukgees, grooms, and other attendants.

He has grand marshals of the palace, a dozen chamberlains, dragomans, nine secretaries, musical directors, several treasurers, cashiers, stewards, librarians, master of the horse, of the stables, State architects, gate-keepers, half a dozen of doctors, master of the robes, and a number of miscellaneous employés in addition.

How multitudinous the harem attendants may be, is a question impossible to solve, but probably a thousand women are congregated within the precincts of the Imperial buildings; since each odalisque, or princess, has her own separate suite of apartments, attendants, and slaves—white and black—as well as countless hangers-on.

Besides the entourage already mentioned, the Sultan has about eighty aides-de-camp, including Englishmen, Germans, and other Franks, as well as Natives. He has about eighteen ministers, and a Senate composed of high officials and notables—numbering forty persons—which met once during Midhat Pacha's time, but never before nor since.

Once the sublime Porte was the substance—the Padishah the shadow—all this the present ruler has reversed. He is the State, as much, or more than ever was Louis XIV., and his ministers pretty much ciphers. He is an ambitious and intriguing man, and strives to play off one Foreign power against the other.

Abdul Hamid Khan II. was born in September 1842, was elevated to the throne 31st August, 1876, and is consequently in the 49th year of his age and the 15th of his reign.

## Artin Pacha (Dadian).

Beschicktach is also notable as the residence of one of the leading Turkish statesmen, who is perhaps the ablest and most influential since the days of Reschid, Fuad, and Aali Pachas. He is not a Turk either in blood or in faith, but descended from a long line of Armenian Christians, from father to son employés of the State. I believe the tombstone which bears the curious chiselling in marble of two Armenian bankers, carrying each in his hand his own head, commemorates the services and fate of two of his remote ancestors, punished for not furnishing the Sultan of that day with sufficient funds.

Artin Pacha resides in the old family mansion, a very large but tumble-down structure, with huge vegetable gardens attached to it. He, although a Christian and a devout one, lives in Turkish style, his wife speaking no foreign language, and preferring Oriental ways to European, having never travelled.

He himself, in his youth and early manhood, was Secretary of Legation at Paris for several years, and quite a gay young man about town. French he thoroughly, English he imperfectly understands, as well as Italian and Greek, and his diplomacy he studied in the school of Talleyrand.

It is he who acts always as the buffer between the Sultan or Sublime Porte, and any displeased or dissatisfied foreign ambassador; and generally contrives to smooth the ruffled plumage.

But while in fact the brain and head of the Turkish foreign office, Artin Pacha, as a Christian and a Rayah, has been always obliged to play an apparently secondary part to some ignorant Turkish Pacha, acting as figure-head, with the title of Minister of Foreign Affairs. Jealous of him, as these men always are, neither they nor their master can dispense long with the services of the skilful and able Armenian, although several times palace intrigues have driven him into retirement.

Once, forgetting his usual caution and discre-

tion, he entered upon a death-grapple, in the presence of the Sultan, with the Grand Vizier, believing the Sultan would support him.

The result was his desertion by his master, the deprival of his appointments, the removal of all his friends from office, and a brain fever, which almost cost him his life; but he recovered, and after several months was reinstated, and his enemy thrown overboard with all his followers. Since that time, about six years ago, Artin Pacha has been the life and soul of the Foreign Office, and the trusted counsellor of the Sultan, who from a lower grade has made him a Pacha, an unusual distinction for a Christian Rayah.

Artin Pacha is a man of middle height, stout, and rather corpulent in person, and very deliberate in movement and speech.

He has regular features of the Eastern type, and his face in repose is thoughtful and sad in expression. When he speaks, or becomes animated in conversation, his whole countenance

lights up wonderfully, and becomes most expressive.

His complexion is swarthy, his hair and beard dark, sprinkled with grey. He wears habitually the Stambouli dress, the frock-coat, which is much like the cassock of a High-Church clergyman, closely buttoned up to the chin. The pantaloons are of the French cut and make, and patent leather boots complete the costume. On public and official occasions he wears a gorgeous uniform, richly decorated with gold embroidery about collar, cuffs and back; and displays enough decorations to set up a jeweller's shop, presented to him by all the crowned heads of Europe, as well as by the Sultan.

The Sultan certainly possesses a devoted and faithful counsellor in the person of his Under Secretary of State.

## CHAPTER VIII.

A Summer on the Upper Bosphorus—Up and Down in Steamer and Caïque—Therapia and Buyûkdere, the Summer Resorts of the Diplomatic Corps, and European Society—Admiral Hobart Pacha, Sketch of his Life and Character from Personal Observation.

I SIT by my window, at Petala's Hotel at Therapia, on the Upper Bosphorus, and look down on the blue waters of the unrivalled strait which bears down the waters of the Black Sea, past the domes and palaces of Stamboul, to mingle with those of the Sea of Marmora; and my eyes are "drunk with beauty."

The narrow opening into the Black Sea is whitened with the sails of the small trading crafts, which have been waiting a south wind to pass up into the sea and the Danube, to return

laden with the grain, fruits, and other produce obtained from the Danubian and Black Sea provinces. These vessels, for the last week, have been hugging the shore in the sheltered nook in which Buyûkdere nestles, protected from the north wind; for while that wind prevails, they cannot pass up into the Black Sea, as the steamers do.

From the point of Therapia, where this far-famed hotel is situated, both the European and Asiatic coasts of the Bosphorus are visible at the same time; and they present features as different as the two continents, and the races which respectively people them.

On the Asiatic side, the hills, which attain almost the dignity of mountains, look grim, bare, and rugged, with little or no vegetation on their tops or sides. They seem to frown down on the lesser, but greener, hills on the European side; which present a far more smiling and cultivated aspect, being in many places terraced into gardens.

Most of the European, or semi-European, villages on the Bosphorus are situated on the European shore, although some partially inhabited by Turks also exist. On the opposite, or Asiatic shore, may be found villages almost entirely inhabited by Turks.

From this point the marble palace of the Egyptian Khedive, surrounded by beautiful gardens, stands out in bold relief on the hillside, near Beicos, on the Asiatic coast—a gift from the Egyptian sovereign to the Padishah, but never occupied or utilized since the present was made. Behind this palace is a beautiful valley, shaded by gigantic trees, the favourite resort of the young English attachés, who there practice their athletic sports; and it is much used by fashionable European society for picnics and pleasure-parties. The Queen's Jubilee was celebrated here, and the valley resounded to the unaccustomed sounds of "God Save the Queen!" and the lusty "Hip! hip! hurrahs!" of her enthusiastic subjects.

Another Royal demesne, larger than some of the smaller German Grand Duchies, just opposite, which has also passed from Egyptian into Turkish hands, has been presented by the Sultan to the German Government.

They have built upon it the summer palace of the Embassy, but it is not a very imposing structure.

Previously these extensive and beautiful grounds were used as a public promenade, and the society of Therapia and Buyûkdere resorted there for lawn-tennis playing, the British *stationnaire* supplying the nets and materials.

The site is a lovely one, and the dense forest which crowns the lofty hill, sloping down to the water's edge, renders it a most attractive spot on which to erect an ambassadorial palace.

Germany and the Germans have been in high favour for some time past, German officers and German officials having replaced French and English ones, to a great extent, both in the Military and Civil Service of the Sultan.

But, wandering over the Khedive's gardens, we are losing sight of the scenery in the vicinity —a very choice bit of the wonderful panorama of the Bosphorus, with its fourteen miles of Fairy-land. Let us, then, return to our "coign of vantage" at Petala's window, or from the balcony drink in the beauty of the enchanting scenery. So curved and winding is the European shore just above this point, that Buyûkdere, on the same side of the Bosphorus, viewed from Therapia, seems almost diagonally opposite on the other shore; a miniature bay, hollowed out from the hills, assisting the delusion.

It reminds an American of the Rio Grande river, which forms the boundary between Mexico and the United States, whose windings and sinuosities are so great and so numerous, that a bird, striving to reach the opposite bank, may fly across four or five times apparently, and yet finally discover itself to be on the same side from which it started, alighting in despair in a state of utter exhaustion. You can walk over, for two

miles, to Buyûkdere along the European shore, although apparently on the other side of the strait. Buyûkdere is also a very picturesque feature of the landscape. The town is large, better built and more populous than Therapia, and gives itself great airs, because boasting a German band, which nightly discourses sweet music to a promenading public of all conceivable races, colours, creeds, and nationalities; the majority being Greeks and Armenians, with a sprinkling of foreign diplomatists and merchants.

Towering up opposite Buyûkdere and Therapia, the Giânt's mountain looms up against the background of clear blue sky; commemorated in Byron's verse, and by classical and Turkish tradition.

The ruins of the ancient church of St. Pantaleoni, rebuilt by the Emperor Justinian, and two batteries built by a French engineer, are still to be seen upon its Capes; and the grave of Joshua, according to the Moslem legend, is on its summit. This "Giant's grave," guarded by two holy

Dervishes, six hundred feet in air, classically termed "the bed of Hercules," now attracts pilgrims from the more superstitious Turks, who, imitating the votive offerings of the ancient Greeks to Neptune, hang up portions of their garments there, as a protection against disease.

Judging from the dimensions of the grave, which is twenty feet long and five broad, a giant must certainly have been interred there. Turkish tradition is a quaint medley of all Biblical and more recent Moslem stories; and it is supposed, that in calling the hill "Yoosha Daghi" (Mountain of Joshua), the Moslem selected this as a site of the miracle wrought through Joshua's prayer on the top of the mountain, that the sun might stand still, while the Israelites destroyed their enemies.

The range of hills adjoining are lower than the giant, but higher than the European hills on the opposite side.

But the Frank pilgrim climbs the lofty hill or mountain, not from pious motives, but to enjoy the

magnificent view of the Black Sea, the Bosphorus, and the coast lines, dotted with villages, which look more inviting from a distance than on nearer approach; plainly perceptible under a sun like Africa's, and a sky like Italy's.

One of the most conspicuous objects on the European side, almost at the end of the long quay, which affords a walk of several miles along the bay leading from Therapia to Buyûkdere, along a pleasant curve, is the British Embassy or summer palace; resembling much more an exaggerated Swiss châlet than an Embassy. The terraced gardens of the Embassy on the hills behind it are well cared for, and very pretty, and the Secretaries and Attachés to the Embassy play lawn-tennis there every afternoon, to keep up their muscle; making a Little Britain there, as Englishmen do everywhere they go, the wide world over. At the time of the writer's reminiscences, this palace was graced by the presence of the well-matched pair, who then represented England at Constantinople; each admirably fitted

for the duties, they performed so gracefully and so well.

The tact, urbanity and diplomatic skill of Lord Dufferin, which recalled the traditions of the "Great Elchee," Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, without his harshness, were supplemented by the grace and unaffected hospitality of the Ambassadress, which won all hearts, and removed all prejudices. The English Embassy, under their *régime*, became the most popular of all; and when summoned to another and wider sphere, genuine tears of regret were shed for their departure, by a community little given to admiration or sympathy.

While he steered the bark of Statesmanship with an unfaltering hand, her gentle ministrations to the poor and suffering, to whom she was a ministering angel, brought balm to many stricken hearts, for she was the head of many charities; and there are yet many left at Constantinople who "rise up and call her blessed!" Happy indeed is the country which can find abroad

representatives such as they. Lord Dufferin's talents and statesmanship are too universally acknowledged to need a eulogist. But the gentle and more unobtrusive works of mercy and charity wrought by his gentle lady never could obtain the same publicity, for she is one of those who

> Do good by stealth,
> And blush to find it fame.

As though to keep up the traditional rivalry, not a hundred yards from where the English flag floats on its lofty standard, you see the flag of France, whose Embassy is alongside that of the English; a solid square building of no architectural pretensions, but backed by extensive gardens, terraced up to a great height, and admirably kept.

The English Embassy has its Protestant chapel and chaplain attached, and the French its Catholic chapel and priest.

While Therapia is the head quarters of these two great Powers, and Germany, with Italy for a

neighbour, Buyûkdere possesses the Russian and Austrian Embassies, and Spanish Legation, all large and imposing buildings, with fine gardens. Descending the Giant's mountain, you cross over in a caïque to Petala's Hotel, in a quarter of an hour, and enjoy that "poetry of motion" peculiar to the Eastern gondola. During the long lingering daylight, from this spot you enjoy the picture painted in two lines by Tennyson:

> And the stately ships go on
> To their haven under the hill

from sunrise to sunset; for they pass up and down the broad bosom of the Bosphorus without cessation, and without rest, either into the Black Sea on one side, or into the Sea of Marmora and the Dardanelles on the other; while the passenger steamboats ply unceasingly up and down the Bosphorus between Kavak and Constantinople, with a hoarse blowing of steam whistles, and under a canopy of the blackest smoke bad bituminous coal can produce.

For this is a great artery of trade, and the ships of the world traverse these watery ways, like white-winged gulls, or snorting sea monsters, under canvas, or propelled by steam.

Every flag may be seen there; but, curious to say, the rarest apparition is the American, but a few years ago rivalling the British on almost every sea. Now, except upon the occasional visits of an American man-of-war, or the colours displayed on the American minister's little steam launch, the "stars and stripes" are not seen by Turkish eyes. No American merchant ships come to Constantinople. This incessant movement over the waters, together with the constant passage up and down of the frail and graceful caïques, skimming over the surface like swallows in all directions, give great animation to the scene; although the convenient, but extremely ugly passenger steamers, might well be dispensed with, in a picturesque point of view. This is during the daytime; for after sunset until sunrise, the passage of the Bosphorus, by vessels

or steamers, is interdicted; and the caïques and other row-boats alone ply over its broad expanse. Floating in one of these over the still waters, in which the heavens and its stars are mirrored, you are suddenly startled by a wild, wailing cry, like that of a drowning man calling for help, echoing over the sea. The explanation that this is only the cry of the night fishermen, warning passing boats not to interfere with their nets, relieves your apprehensions. Those nets, carefully spread out in particular spots, can thus be avoided.

This night-fishing is carried on very actively when a south wind is blowing; but the wind which is so favourable to the fishermen blasts the hopes of the sportsmen, at this season. For the flights of quail from the Black Sea, on which the latter rely, are blown off by a southerly wind, and come down on the propulsion of a northerly one; such being one of Dame Nature's compensations.

Not alone have the sites of Therapia and Buyûkdere been skilfully selected, with a view both to the delight of the eye and benefit of the

health, but the towns themselves, in those portions intended for the city migration, are well built and laid out, with pleasant walks along the border of the Bosphorus and Bay of Buyûkdere, and good carriage roads lead out into the Forest of Belgrade and adjacent country.

Unlike Constantinople, both on its Turkish and Christian sides, which is Paradise to look at from a distance, but Purgatory to enter into, in consequence of the sights, sounds, smells, and irregular rock-paved streets—generally destitute of side-walks for pedestrians—these two rural retreats are as agreeable inside as outside, unless you penetrate into the Greek-Armenian slums in their rear, where the poor congregate, and reproduce the nuisances of Pera and Stamboul.

The very name given by the Greeks to Therapia (the place of healing), indicates its supposed sanitary qualities, and the name is well deserved: for the pure air, blowing down upon it, from the opening of the Black Sea, directly opposite, brings health and healing on its wings.

All summer this wind blows, with but a few exceptional days, when a warm wind comes from the south ; and the only drawback is the humidity of the place, especially low down near the shore. On the heights, this can be escaped.

Approaching Therapia, from the lower or Constantinople side, either by boat or carriage road, the town presents the shape of a wedge, of which Petala's Hotel, close to the water's edge, with its four stories painted yellow, forms the sharp point ; the town spreading out behind, and on either side of it, from the landing wharf for passenger steamers, which ply up and down every hour. For more than twenty-five years the hotel has been kept by the same family, and Mrs. Petala, an Englishwoman, with her kind heart and unruffled temper, makes every one feel comfortable and at home. One peculiarity of this good woman is, that she never leaves her hotel, takes all her exercise inside of it, and has not been known to leave the building for many years. In summer the hotel is crowded by migration from

Pera and Galata, chiefly English, and permanent residents. In winter deserted by the *corps diplomatique et consulaire*, and people who took houses for the season, Therapia is left in possession of its three or four thousand permanent residents—chiefly Greeks and Armenians—small traders, shoemakers, butchers, vendors of fruit, and keepers of coffee shops; a very miscellaneous and poor population. But from the middle of May until the middle of October, Therapia is in its glory; as is also Buyûkdere, both being redolent of diplomacy and society. The rides and drives in the neighbourhood are excellent, over well kept roads. But a few years since they were regarded as dangerous, on account of brigands in the forest of Belgrade. though that branch of the Eastern fine arts was never carried to such perfection in Turkey as in Greece, and near Smyrna. In the latter place, at one time, it rose to the dignity of a recognised institution; as bull-fighting in Spain, or baksheesh in Egypt.

Hence, riding parties used to be composed of several persons well armed, solitary persons being regarded as fair game by those irregular collectors of customs on the Sultan's highway.

Few lovelier scenes does this beautiful world, in its most favoured spots, present than at Buyûkdere, on a moonlight night, when the Bosphorus ripples gently under a soft breeze, and earth, sky, and water seem to sleep under the silvery rays of the moon. Rocked gently in your frail caïque, at a little distance from the shore, you listen to the soft strains of music, coming over the water from the band on the Marina of Buyûkdere, and catching distant glimpses under the lamps of the particoloured crowd, promenading up and down in front of the palatial residences overlooking the water. It is "a scene to dream of, not to tell"—and a nearer view would dispel some of its enchantments, since the women generally are far from being pretty or attractive.

One of the largest and finest palaces here is

that of Abraham Pacha, an Armenian, whose history furnishes an illustration of the chances and changes of Eastern life, still repeating the story of Aladdin. The father of this Armenian millionaire was a small saraff, or money-changer, at Stamboul, half a century ago. There came to him one day a young Arnaout, or Albanian officer, who had been ordered to Egypt—then under Mameluke dominion—by the Sultan. The young man wanted a small advance made on his pay, which the partner of the old saraff was disinclined to let him have. But Abraham Pacha's father was struck with the young man, and insisted on making the venture. The young soldier professed gratitude, and promised he would remember it, if the time should come when he could manifest it.

When, under the well-known name of Mehemet Ali, he became master of Egypt, the saraff was sent for, and made his treasurer, and enriched exceedingly. His descendants continued in the favour of the family, and Abraham became finally

the agent of Ismail Pacha at Constantinople, and had the handling of the enormous sums transmitted there, for various purposes, by that astute Prince. He was made Pacha, and enjoyed an enormous rent-roll. His gardens on the Bosphorus, near Beicos, constituting a small principality in that neighbourhood, are among the show places, and vie with those of the Sultan.

Beyond Buyûkdere there is a fine broad carriage road, shaded by trees, leading to the village and forest of Belgrade—a charming drive of about six miles. The village is a small, tumble-down old place, whose unpainted and dilapidated houses present no attractive features to the visitor. The place has evidently seen better days, when it was the rival of Therapia and Buyûkdere, as the summer resort of foreign diplomatists, and the crowd they ever attract around them here. But its glories have departed, and nobody thinks of visiting its neighbourhood for health or recreation now.

Not having penetrated very far into the forest, I cannot pronounce an opinion as to its title to that sounding designation. It is almost twenty miles in extent. Great care is taken not to allow any of the trees to be cut down, which would cause the drying up of the springs which feed the great reservoirs supplying the aqueducts, which furnish water to Constantinople, fifteen miles distant. This great public work is due to the enlightened spirit of Sultan Mahmoud, who caused this great aqueduct to be built a century and a half ago; and it is his noblest and most enduring monument. The walled aqueduct, of nearly six hundred yards in length, and forty in breadth—and with its twenty arches, so solidly built as to defy the touch of time—constitutes a striking feature of the landscape.

In this great public improvement the old Sultan, and some of his brethren, showed their capacity to adopt one of the most useful labours of the Byzantine Emperors, who devoted great

pains and expense on their aqueducts, rendered indispensable by the peculiar character of the country immediately around their capital city. Water is an article in large demand, and profitable sale at Constantinople; and you see signs everywhere announcing depôts of particular "brands," drawn from specially designated fountains. For a people not drinking wine, of course water is even a more constant necessary of life, than in those countries where the juice of the grape is substituted for the purer and healthier fluid. Aqueducts seem ever to have been the passion of the antique world—the Greeks, the Romans, the Byzantines, even the Turks, vying with each other, in their immense efforts to substitute an artificial for a natural supply of this indispensable agent of human health and comfort.

The remains of the ancient baths, on a scale more colossal than any modern civilization can show, also prove that the external application of water was considered a greater want than it has been in later ages.

A cynical Roman writer has said, that "bread and the circus" supplied all the needs of his compatriots. He might justly have added water to his list; and as the Turk, unlike the Roman, drinks no wine, with him water is the article of prime necessity.

Over the wastes of the Maremma, near Rome, still tower the ancient and ruined arches of the old aqueducts, which supplied the queen of the world with water, in the days of the Cæsars. "Tarrying at Jericho," where not a stone of those walls, which fell at the blasts of Joshua's trumpets, nor trace of ancient habitation can be seen, by the pilgrim to that Scripturally historic site, the only testimony of its former grandeur is given by the ruins of the aqueducts which conveyed water to Jerusalem.

But such a memorial of a Turkish Sultan one certainly would never have expected to see in the forest of Belgrade, especially since it is in perfect preservation, and practically useful, and com-

paring favourably with any similar work of the kind elsewhere.

Earlier still, the Byzantines and the Genoese guarded the straits by means of two castles on opposite hill-tops, connected with each other, and by closing them by a great iron chain, stretching from shore to shore, with great walls running down to the sea-shore from each castle, were able to almost hermetically seal the straits against the entrance of such craft, and such warlike appliances, as in those days their invaders could command.

On the European side a few pieces of crumbling wall now alone mark the site of its ancient castle. On the Asiatic side more of the old castle remains, and makes a picturesque feature of the view. Jealously guarded by the Turk, and guaranteed to him by foreign powers, mutually jealous of each other, his retention of the Bosphorus, and its withdrawal from warlike operations, would seem, at least for some time to come, as certain as any human thing can be. Looking

upon the smiling scenery of the Bosphorus, and the peaceful aspect of its villages on either side, the sole reminder of the slaughter and the struggle which Stamboul and Byzantium have witnessed, being the ruins of the towers which frown at each other still across the water at Roumeli Hissar, and Roumeli Anatolie, the visitor may hope that peace may ever smile on scenes which God has made so fair.

## Hobart Pacha.

At Petalà's Hobart Pacha had his quarters for the summer months as well as myself.

I saw much of him, and we grew very intimate, and no one regretted his untimely death more than myself; for, although not young in years when he died, he was still young in spirit, and until his last fatal illness vigorous in body also. He was one of those rare men whose exuberant vitality resists the chilling touch of age, and who preserve their juvenility beyond the

allotted span; but an unfortunate railway accident brought him to a premature end, and his remains now lie in the English cemetery at Scutari, among his compatriots. A more fitting resting-place could not have been assigned to one who was as faithful to Turkey as to England. Our first meeting was on board one of the Orient express carriages at Vienna. Coming in to breakfast we found at our usual little table in the refreshment room, an Englishman of middle age, who immediately entered into conversation with my friend and myself, on the current topics of the day, showing himself equally familiar with English and Turkish statesmen and politics, and referring to both with an audacious freedom that proved him to be "somebody."

When we had left the table, and our new fellow-passenger, I remarked to my friend: "That must either be Hobart Pacha or the Devil!" and my first conjecture proved to be the correct one. Common friends had so often described his peculiarities, that I recognised them

at once. During the trip we saw a great deal of each other, and the acquaintance soon ripened into intimacy. He was a wonderfully off-hand man, both in manner and in talk; but his recklessness of speech was more apparent than real, and he seldom said anything to be repented of afterwards. Without being a handsome man, for his features were irregular, and his face worn and somewhat wrinkled, he was yet prepossessing in appearance, of good height, and soldierly carriage; while his wiry frame and alert step indicated great bodily vigour. He was an indefatigable sportsman, and spent much of his time in shooting, heralding his return to Constantinople by presents of game to his friends.

He was also very fond of yachting, and made long trips in a steam yacht presented to him by the Sultan, the jealousy of the native officials preventing his services as Admiral of the Fleet from being much more than nominal; except during the war with Russia, when he did good service.

He used to be very fond of spinning yarns

about his experiences at that time, especially with the Russian torpedo-boats. To the day of his death he had very little confidence in the destructive powers of torpedoes, basing his opinion on his own experience of them in actual warfare.

His adventurous spirit had led him, during the American War, before quitting the English and entering the Turkish Naval Service, to assume the command of a Confederate blockade-breaker, under the assumed name of Captain Roberts, which he made very notorious.

Some years before his death he published a very characteristic account of his exploits in this line in a little book entitled "Never Caught," in which he claimed to have performed the feat of blockade-breaking five times. It required not only superior seamanship, but great coolness and courage, thus to baffle the Federal cruisers, which, after the first year of the war, were very vigilant, and made many prizes. They never, however, could contrive to catch "Captain

Roberts," although they did capture many of his colleagues in that service, wherein "discretion was the better part of valour," the blockade-runners being unarmed and non-combatants. The Confederates had but three armed cruisers on the ocean, yet they contrived to cripple and destroy American commerce under the Federal flag.

The position he occupied in Turkey was an anomalous one. While acting ever as the zealous and efficient friend of the Porte, he was at the same time the connecting link between the Sultan and the English Government; and the friendship of the Prince of Wales made him a powerful mediator, in places which the diplomatic service could not reach. He was constantly employed on missions to England—unofficial, but the more efficacious on that very account; and when the Sultan found it necessary to obtain the support of England, Hobart Pacha was the man sent to manage it. In the performance of these delicate and difficult functions he displayed a

rare tact and adroitness, performing his double *rôle* of Turkish Admiral and English subject in such a manner, as to please both his native and adopted country. His off-hand manner and fluency of speech made him a great favourite at the London clubs; and there was no "man about town," better known or better liked than Hobart Pacha, when on one of his frequent visits to England. His end was a very sad one, and hurried on by an unfortunate accident. He had just recovered from a severe attack of pleurisy, contracted by exposure to bad weather while shooting, and had left Constantinople to recruit in Europe. By some unaccountable accident, both his wife and man-servant missed the train he was to have met them at; and very weak and shaken, he was forced by the inhuman Italian guards, to descend from the place he occupied, although frequently repeating to them, "Molto malato;" and exposed to the inclemency of the weather, which combined with the mental agitation, in his weak state, brought back his

malady. When his wife and servant rejoined him he was in an almost dying state, and did not long survive the shock he had sustained.

It was a strange ending, for so bold a man, with such an adventurous career as his, to perish the victim of an accident, and to find himself so powerless—he who as an athlete and hardy hunter had ever proved so strong. By special request of the Sultan, as well as his own wish, his remains were brought back with special honours to Constantinople, and solemnly interred there with much pomp and parade.

That restless spirit has found a fit resting-place in the land he loved and served so faithfully; and few men have left so many friends behind them.

But his popularity was not due to any great efforts to secure it, for he had a rough as well as a smooth side to his tongue, and was very plain-spoken on occasions, both to high functionaries and even to the Sultan himself. Constitutionally frank and fearless, and no respecter of persons, he

was an exceptional man at a Court, where prostration of body and soul, before high functionaries, is the chief rule of conduct.

His bluntness was probably one of the Sultan's chief reasons for placing confidence in him, and that confidence was never abused. Hobart Pacha was as faithful to his adopted country, as to that of his birth.

In the grounds of Yildiz Kiosk, surrounding the Sultan's palace, there is a small lake on which the Padishah is fond of being rowed about. Here he would invite Hobart Pacha to join him, and thus afford opportunities of confidential conversation, enjoyed by few others.

Of these, the sailor-diplomatist availed himself freely, and probably no man about the Court knew what the Sultan's real sentiments and wishes were on important subjects, as well as he. From his Turkish colleagues in the navy, who are ever disposed to be insolent towards Europeans in the Sultan's employment, he ever enforced the strictest respect, even in the matter of etiquette,

well knowing the value those people attach to forms ; and his caustic tongue was feared by them almost as much as his influence with the Sultan.

Shortly before his death, as a mark of his regard, the Sultan presented him with a building lot, on the Bosphorus, near Therapia, the summer resort of the European population, and sent to Sweden for a framed-house to erect upon it. Unfortunately, before it was completed and occupied, Hobart Pacha died ; and the Sultan resumed possession, as is the custom there with those royal gifts. He, however, assigned a small sum to Hobart's widow, in consideration of her husband's services and devotion.

But it must be acknowledged that the royal gratitude, commencing at fever heat, and in elaborate funeral ceremonies and great promises, ended as such "great expectations" from that source usually do ; and finally dwindled down into the promise of a very paltry pension ; which, unless the case be very exceptional, will be very irregularly, if ever, paid. As Hobart Pacha ever

was a very careless and very lavish man, he did not die rich; which, with his environments and opportunities, is strong testimony in his favour. The native officials generally swell out like toads, under preferment; accumulating large fortunes rapidly, by "ways that are dark," and "tricks" which do not prove "to be vain."

A very striking story of Hobart Pacha has been told, which I believe to be true; for it is thoroughly characteristic.

While filling his duplicate character of English naval officer and Turkish Admiral, it happened on one occasion, that in his latter capacity he blockaded some Greek port, and excited the susceptibilities of the English Admiralty, which notified him, he must resign his Turkish appointment, or that he would be "scratched off" the list of English naval officers. His reply was more decisive, than in accordance with naval etiquette. It was sent by telegraph, in these words, "*Scratch and be d—d!*" The Admiralty adopted the advice; but he was afterwards reinstated.

## CHAPTER IX.

BY ELLIE DE LEON.

Visits to four Eastern Princesses, and a Turkish Girls' School—Inge Khamun, Widow of former Viceroy of Egypt, Saïd Pacha—The Lady of the Old School—Visit to Third Wife of Ismail Pacha, late Khedive of Egypt—The present Khedivesse, what she looks like, how she Receives and Entertains—Visit to a Turkish Girls' School.

LONG before the days of Cook's tourists, I went to Egypt in search of health, and, to the astonishment of both doctors and friends, found it. I have ever had an unbounded admiration for the land of the Pharaohs, from the first moment I put my foot on its enchanted soil. For weeks and months I lived in an enchanted palace in dreamland; everything was so fresh and new to me. I found even Alexandria Oriental.

My first visit to a harem was to a daughter of Mehemet Ali. She lived in an old palace in Cairo, and was supposed to dislike Europeans; but a friend of mine, who knew her very well, asked permission to take me one day to see her. On the day appointed, I dressed myself in my most becoming costume, and started for our visit to this famous princess, who had turned the heads of more men than any European one, if report spoke truly. So I expected to see a regal-looking person.

What was my surprise, when we were ushered into a large, dingy, badly-furnished room, to see a small, withered, dark-eyed woman rise to greet us. She was dressed in some common dark material of Oriental cut, her head tied up in a handkerchief, fastened with an immense diamond pin.

She asked us to be seated on the divan by her side—my friend on her right, I on her left. She chatted pleasantly, asking all sorts of questions about me, which my friend answered. While

they were conversing, I had time to take a good look at the Princess, and could trace some remains of former beauty. Her features were very refined, and her eyes as brilliant as those of a young woman; but she looked what the French called "*malin*," and I discovered that she was what she looked. For my friend told me that she ridiculed us to her attendants in Turkish; supposing she was not understood, and that my friend only spoke Arabic.

She was in disgrace, and was only allowed to remain in Egypt on sufferance, and not permitted to return to her palace on the Nile, in consequence of the stories about her having formerly had her admirers quietly thrown into the river. When I saw her, she looked dejected and very old; but she could not forget her former greatness, and at times would brighten up, and seem quite interested in some Cairo gossip. My dress seemed to please her, and she asked me to stand up, so that she could see it better. I was turned around as if I were a milliner's model. It

was of Irish poplin, and took her fancy. We had coffee and chibouques, but they were served in plain style—no display.

When we took leave of the Princess, I felt pleased to have seen so celebrated a person, but greatly relieved at escaping from so evil a presence; for as to her face, as in Walter Scott's description of Bertram, in "Rokeby,"—

> Evil passions cherished long,
> Had ploughed it with impressions strong.

She was quite an historic character during the reign of Mehemet Ali, and even as late as that of his grandson, Abbas Pacha. The harem was that of her sister-in-law, now converted into a wing of Shepheard's Hotel. It was shabbily furnished in Oriental style, nothing but divans running all around the sides of the room, with Turkish rugs in front of them. The divans were covered with bright calico. As I was a young girl at the time, I was much surprised, if not impressed, with this my first peep into

Oriental splendour. It certainly was not what I had dreamed of in the residence of a Princess of the blood. Later I discovered that all the harems were not like this.

### The Princess Saïd.

Very different indeed was the harem of Princess Saïd, which I visited a few weeks after, on my return to Alexandria; and equally wide the difference between these two ladies of the Royal house of Egypt.

The Princess was the sole wife of the then reigning Viceroy, Saïd Pacha, contrary to the usual Turkish habit of four wives, allowed by their religion and law—a privilege of which his successor, Ismail Pacha, fully availed himself; although the present Khedive is also the husband of but one wife.

In those days the etiquette was to send and ask permission to visit the Princess, several days in advance. This I did, and received a most polite answer, that the Princess would be most happy to

receive me, on a day which she named. Taking with me a lady who understood both Turkish and Arabic, as my interpreter, on the appointed day I repaired to the palace. It was situated on the banks of the canal at Alexandria, which has always been the summer residence of the Khedives as Cairo has been the winter one.

It was a new and handsome palace, built especially for her by her husband, who was very much devoted to her.

The palace was situated in the midst of large gardens filled with rare trees and flowers, with shady walks of great extent, in which the hareem could take exercise without going outside.

We drove to the palace, and arrived punctually at the hour fixed; and were received at the outer gate by the black eunuchs, who accompanied us to the entrance hall, where we found about twenty slave girls waiting to welcome us, giving us the Oriental salute, which I returned (having practised it before going). They conducted us through

several huge halls and rooms, before they ushered us into the one occupied by the Princess Saïd.

The first glimpse was dazzling. This immense room was oblong; on two sides ran divans covered with rich satin of a dark red colour; the floor was of polished wood covered with Turkish rugs; small inlaid tables were placed about the room; the curtains were to match the covers of the divans, and fell in heavy folds, shading the room from the bright rays of the sun, and casting on all the surroundings a rosy hue.

As we entered we could hear a "frou-frou," and on looking around saw all the slaves standing. I suppose some were sitting on the floor; but during a visit of ceremony the slave-girls stand around the room as if they were statues, never smiling and scarcely moving. These slaves were dressed in the richest silks and brocades, of every conceivable colour and pattern; many had diamond earrings and ornaments; many had long hair with coins plaited in it: all were white, and some fair and handsome. There must

have been from 250 to 300 slaves in attendance on this occasion ; the scenic effect was Oriental in the extreme. The Princess and her ladies rose to greet us; she placed us next to her on the divan ; she was such a contrast to the ladies who surrounded her, for she was dressed in pure white muslin, made in Oriental fashion, with the baggy trousers and a jacket over a white embroidered chemisette, open at the neck : with just a diamond ornament of great value on one side of the bodice ; on her head she wore a small white gauze handkerchief, fastened with a butterfly in precious stones. Her hands were devoid of rings, except on the little finger, where she wore a diamond, with a larger one suspended from it like a drop of water ; it was lovely, and the first of the kind I had ever seen. She always wore her hair cut short. Her skin was beautifully fair, very little colour, dark brown hair and dark eyebrows and lashes ; large liquid blue eyes with the sweetest expression in them, and a tall, graceful, willowy figure completed, as far as I can re-

member, her *ensemble*. She was most kind to me, and took much interest in my health; she was very fond of young girls, and used to adopt four or five every year, and bring them up, educate them, and marry them off to some Pacha. I knew one whom she married, and whose husband treated her badly; so she returned to the Princess and still lives with her as her friend and confidante. Her name was Gulpere Khanum; she and I became great friends on my subsequent visits to the Princess, which were frequent, by her special invitation. This young Turkish lady could speak French fluently, which the Princess could not; although the latter was said to be a poetess in her own tongue, and I could easily imagine it from her appearance.

When we had been seated about ten minutes the door opened, and two of those gorgeously-dressed slaves entered, carrying what seemed like a box covered with crimson velvet cloth fringed with gold. On taking off the cloth we saw a tray, on which was placed coffee cups and zarfs.

One of the slaves poured out the coffee in those small egg-shell cups without any shank, and placed it in the gold zarf; these zarfs were of the most exquisite workmanship, studded with rubies and diamonds; another slave handed us long chibouques (long pipes) with amber mouthpieces encircled with precious stones.

I was told that it was not considered polite to refuse a pipe, so of course I made a pretence of smoking, and while my visit lasted my pipe was changed three or four times. If I had smoked, I often wonder how I should have felt; but I blew out the smoke so as to make the semblance, without inhaling it. When we finished our coffee a slave took the cup from us, placing her hand on the top of the cup, and holding the foot of the zarf with the other hand; making us a slight salutation, which we returned by putting our hands to our lips and head. I think all classes of Eastern people are very polite, but they do not talk much; silence is golden, and talkative people are not appreciated. The Princess then made a

sign to her attendants, and the dancing girls came in, accompanied by four musicians, who played a wild kind of music, very unmusical to our ears, but seeming to give them great pleasure, judging by their smiling faces. Some of the dances are very graceful and pretty; the one in which they carry a goolah (bottle) of water on the head is very remarkable, as they never seem to let it fall. On one occasion I saw a very young girl who through nervousness let her goolah fall off. The poor child seemed to be so mortified at the accident that I felt sorry for her; the Princess laughed, and the wee child shook her finger at the Princess and said, "I let it fall because you made fun of me." The Princess sent for her and said a few kind words to her, which seemed to console her, for the child was one of her adopted daughters. These girls are generally dressed in baggy trousers, in Oriental fashion, made of tinsel, and are always very young. The most wonderful feat they perform, is taking a small coin off the floor with their mouths, bending their

bodies in a perfect arch, with their heads thrown backwards, without touching the floor with their hands. This dance lasted about half an hour. They danced the "Lancers," in a very funny fashion. They danced it in a much more elaborate style than we ever do. The Princess had this dance for me, in compliment (as the interpreter informed me) to my country; and turning to me she said: "This is the way you English ladies dance?" I tried to disabuse her mind of such an idea. Whether I succeeded or not I am sure I don't know. In the East they look on dancing as a menial occupation, and therefore cannot understand ladies and gentlemen indulging in it, and calling it amusement.

When the dancing girls withdrew, I suggested to my interpreter that I thought we might do the same; so bidding the Princess farewell, for I was soon to sail for home (having passed my six delightful months in Egypt), we returned by the same way we came; with the exception, that the slaves accompanied us out to the second court-

yard. On our way we were given some sweet drinks, which the Turks like very much, but to our uneducated palates seem rather insipid.

To my astonishment the Princess knew all the gossip of Alexandria; how we were all in despair at the sudden departure of the 92nd Highlanders, who were obliged to leave, just as we were all going to a picnic. She laughed at our discomfiture, and thought it a good joke; which at the time we did not.

A year after, I returned as the wife of the Consul-General, and I had a grand reception, which was much more ceremonious and formal. For instance, when I drove up to the outer door, my janissary was not allowed to help me out of the carriage; but two of the eunuchs came and stood on each side of me, and literally lifted me out of the carriage. This seems a sign of great respect.

The Princess was very sweet, and welcomed me back with great effusion; quite like an old friend. I could see that the dresses of the slaves

were more gorgeous than they were when I visited her before; the dancing girls more numerous, and the dresses more beautiful. The Princess was surrounded by a number of the native princesses, all in gay attire; for in the East they pay great respect to the wife of an official; so I did not feel so personally complimented, as when I visited the harem as a private individual. However, nobody objects to be treated with consideration; so I accepted it all serenely.

During my stay of several years in Egypt, I frequently visited my dear friend the Princess, and used to dine with her often. She was always glad to have me, and I quite enjoyed her society. At dinner she seldom had any one to dine with her except her adopted daughter and myself. We dined off a round brass tray, with round pieces of native bread placed before each person. For me she always had knife and fork; but she ate with her fingers.

Our dinners were delicious; sometimes a whole

roast lamb, cooked to perfection; then a dish of meat in jelly, such as I had never tasted; pilaff, the last dish, making one sorry that all the other good things prevented its enjoyment. The numerous sweet dishes, and those composed of milk in different shapes, exceed anything to be found elsewhere. A curious thing is, they never give you anything to drink during your meal; but when you have finished, the slaves carry round glasses of water and sherbet.

One day I called to see her, and she wanted me to dine with her; but I answered it was impossible, because I had friends to lunch with me, and my husband expected me back. She laughed, and said: "I shall lock the doors, and you may tell your husband I kept you, so that he must blame me." There was nothing to do but to submit, so I remained.

There is one very erroneous idea about Eastern magnates, entertained by those who have no practical experience of them—which is, that they are very generous, and constantly making

costly presents. I can only say, my opinion is quite the reverse; as I never received a present from one of them; and when I conversed with an old resident, she replied: "They are not in the habit of offering presents to those they consider their equals, but chiefly to their dependants." On one occasion I presented a lady—the wife of an admiral—to the Princess: and, to my horror, this lady intimated, through the interpreter, that she would like a Turkish costume. The next morning she received a magnificent one at her hotel; so that this proves that those who have had presents hinted for them, and that these Turkish ladies throw the Christian "dog" (as they term us) a bone, in the shape of a costume or jewel. I should prefer my self-respect to their cast-off finery. There was a lady who always boasted that she had such lovely presents from the Princess; and when some one asked the Princess why she liked this person so much, she replied, "Why, I do not like her at all, nor do I respect her." "Then, Altesse, why do you give

her such lovely jewels?" "She admires them, and says she would like them, so I give them to her." The Eastern women are somewhat like children. As soon as they possess a valuable jewel, it becomes valueless in their sight, and they would willingly exchange it for some paltry gew-gaw worn by a European. In the many years of my acquaintance with Princess Saïd, I never knew her to wear anything but white, as her husband preferred her in it; but since his death she wears nearly always black, or some dark colour. In every costume she always looks a Princess. She has slightly modified the cut of her garments to suit the present day, but she has not adopted the European dress like her sisters. She is a very devout woman. I have often remarked, while sitting with her, that she would suddenly, as if unconsciously, raise her eyes, clasp her hands together, and seem for a few minutes to be absorbed in inward prayer.

On my visits in later years, I have found a few innovations had crept into her harem, in the

shape of pictures and ornaments, and cigarettes substituted for the chibouques; but, on the whole, the changes were very few. Although she is only a Queen Dowager, she receives the same attention as though she were the reigning Queen, and is always visited by all Royal ladies coming to Egypt. She one day made a very clever discrimination between two Royal ladies who had visited her about the same time. One of these, she said, neglected the usual ceremony of turning round to give the parting salutation, after she had accompanied her to the door; the other graciously did so. She then asked me if both were of Royal birth and training, to which, in one case, I had to answer in the negative. When I last parted from her to come to Europe, she left a distinguished party she was entertaining at dinner, to come out and bid me adieu, which she did with much affection; and at the same time slipped into my hand a red silk handkerchief, saying, "Here are my likenesses—one for you, and one for your husband."

When I got into my carriage, on opening the handkerchief, I found a brooch in which was her likeness, surrounded by diamonds; and a large photograph for my husband. A purer, nobler, or better woman no country or creed can boast of, than the Princess Saïd.

During the reign of Ismail an official letter was brought me by the courier from the palace; on opening it, I found an invitation to visit the Khedive's harem next day. The lady who was to present me was to call for me next day at the appointed hour.

The Princess we were about to visit was called the third Princess of Ismal Pacha, and was said to be the favourite.

She entertained foreign visitors much more, and had a finer palace, than the other three ladies who shared that elevated position.

At about eleven o'clock in the morning, we arrived at the palace, and were ushered by the black eunuchs up a flight of white marble steps into a spacious hall, where about six slaves met

us, and led us up two flights of broad stairs, covered with handsome French (not Oriental) carpets. Then we reached another large hall, with numerous rooms opening off it. In one of these we found the Princess, seated on a straight-backed French sofa, covered with the most gaudy satin, with large flowers all over it. She was surrounded by four very young girls, who were dressed in the latest French toilettes, and wearing the *Louis quatorze* heels; so that it made you nervous to see them walk across the polished floor, lest they should topple over. They were nearly all orphans, brought up and educated by French governesses in the harem. This Royal lady was a very pretty, fresh-looking young woman of about thirty, very stout, with a fair complexion, and an intelligent face. She rose up, saluted us in Turkish style, and motioned us to be seated on gilt French chairs prepared for our reception. Everything in the room was modern, gaudy, gorgeous; it would drive an æsthetic person mad, to be obliged to live in it. After the

usual interchange of compliments, about weather and health, we were handed a cigarette, then a cup of coffee. The Princess showed great curiosity about our habits and customs. Two things she commented on : in the first place, our courage in riding spirited horses on the Shoubra Road, where there were so many carriages ; and our walking and conversing with men, in public, with uncovered faces. Doubtless she thought both actions highly improper, although too polite to say so. She smiled and said : " I watched you all at the Khedive's ball the other night, from a hidden lattice above, and wondered that you seemed to enjoy the dancing so much ! We have it done for us." She criticised the different dresses of the ladies ; but thought, on the whole, that the European ladies could not compete with the harem ladies, in beauty or in costume.

Her own costume I will now describe :—

It would have been a handsome and appropriate dinner dress, but was not suited for a

morning reception. The dress was of light chocolate-coloured satin, embroidered with silk of the same colour; the body was cut square, and trimmed with the finest point d'Alençon lace; the shoes were embroidered satin, to match the dress. She wore her hair in high-up puffs, such as were worn five years ago, with flowers and diamonds to match those on the bodice. Her fingers were covered with rings, and the usual amount of bracelets completed her costume.

When we rose to go, the Princess stood up, and gave us the Eastern salutation, touching her mouth, heart, and forehead with her hand, which we of course returned. The young ladies accompanied us to the head of the stairs, where another batch of attendants were ready to conduct us down to the hall. We returned to our carriage, and were handed in by the black eunuchs.

I first visited the present Khedivesse shortly after the accession of Tewfik to the throne. Like the Princess Saïd, she can boast of being the Khedive's only wife. She used to be very simple

in her habits, and really resembled a private lady in her love of domestic life. I once visited her in the morning, when she was quite alone, and she chatted very familiarly with me: among other things she asked my opinion as to the value of a picture-frame which she had purchased for her husband's portrait, as a surprise to him. As a bill for £120 accompanied it, instead of feeling grateful for his wife's affectionate attention, he, husband-like, grumbled at her extravagance. She asked me if I thought it dear, and truth compelled an answer in the affirmative. It was not worth half the money. The childlike simplicity with which the Princess appealed to me amused me immensely.

She has been universally admitted to have ever been the best of wives and mothers; and never has had a rival in her husband's affection. She has also had the credit of being his wisest counsellor; and during the bombardment of Alexandria refused to leave him, when he wished to send her on board an English man-of-war.

The *vice-reine* (as she is usually called) has formal receptions on all fête days, such as Baïrám, and the anniversary of the Khedive's accession to the throne, and other State days. She is then visited by all foreigners who have been previously presented to her, as well as by the Princesses of the blood, and wives of officials. She receives in one of the largest rooms of the Palace, sitting in a chair on a slightly elevated platform. She does not wear an Oriental dress, but a Parisian toilette of the latest fashion, covered with precious jewels; as she is very stout, there is plenty of room for their display.

She was one of the richest Egyptian Princesses in her own right, before her marriage, being granddaughter of Abbas Pacha, Viceroy of Egypt before Saïd Pacha. She is young and very pretty, with a pleasant smile and good-natured face. Her complexion is fair, with high colour, brown hair and dark eyes, and a pretty little mouth. She speaks French very well, and has learned English.

It is curious to sit and watch the deportment of the different visitors as they come in; some kiss her hand, others kneel down and kiss the hem of her robe, as well as her hand. These last are generally natives, although I have seen Europeans do so. By a gracious gesture the *vice-reine* motions those who have knelt to rise, giving the usual salutation, as though she deprecated their humility. It is proper that Court etiquette should be observed; but it is not necessary for Europeans and Christians to pay such homage to a Mahometan Princess, who is already imbued with a sufficient contempt for them and their religion.

I have heard visitors flatter the Princess until I felt ashamed of my sex. I must do her the justice to say she did not seem to relish it; but treated with more respect those who respected themselves.

## Visit to a Turkish Girls' School.

Schools for native girls have long been established in Egypt, two of the most successful being Miss Whately's, and that of the American Missionaries; at the head of the latter is Dr. Giulian Lansing.

In Egypt the pupils were chiefly native Christians, and Arabs of the lower class.

The present Khedive has made great efforts for the establishment of girls' schools for the higher class, but without success.

He is fully alive to the necessity of educating his female subjects, for he said one day to a friend of mine, "Our nation will never be civilized until we can educate our women; for when the children come from school, they hear their mothers talk of afreets and ginns (evil spirits), and such nonsense; so from the earliest age they are imbued with all sorts of foolish superstitions."

The higher class still obstinately persist in refusing to send their daughters to public schools;

they prefer employing French governesses; they think it more "chic." The young girls learn, therefore, to speak and write French, and to read French novels. I have known these fine ladies make no better use of education, than to write love letters to European men. I suppose they think we pass our time in like manner. I know of one governess who threw up her post because, after dictating a very warm love letter, as an exercise, the young lady insisted upon her posting it to a well-known man in Cairo.

In Turkey it is different; for the Minister of Instruction, Munif Pacha, a very enlightened man, has succeeded in founding several girls' schools in Constantinople; two of which are exclusively for the children of the higher classes, and where no other nationality is admitted. They are taught no language but Turkish, and the Minister of Instruction said when the Directress (who is an Englishwoman) expostulated, "If the children are taught French they will grow up immoral, and take all their ideas from French novels." So all

their instruction is through the Turkish medium. This is a rather narrow-minded idea, but in time this prejudice will disappear, like many others, *ce n'est que le premier pas que coûte.*

To one of these schools, numbering about three hundred girls, I was invited to see the distribution of prizes. Although it was a wet, disagreeable morning, and I was loath to go such a long way, still I felt that the sight would be a novel one, and well worth seeing. My effort was well rewarded, for a more interesting and curious sight I never saw.

I drove from Pera to Stamboul through narrow streets, passing by old Turkish houses which in their time had been the palaces of some high Turks, now gone sadly to decay; passed San Sofia, and the ruined walls which once surrounded the wonderful Palace of Justinian, and, later on, the palace where the unfortunate wives of Abd-ul-Medjid met with such a tragic end. It seems that, after the death of Abd-ul-Medjid, all his sultanas and harem were sent to live in this palace on

the Seraglio Point, which was a kind of Hampton Court for these royal ladies; the only difference being that these Turkish ladies had not the same liberty as their English sisters; for they were always guarded by eunuchs, and attended by a large retinue, whenever they left the royal prison. As some of these ladies were still in the bloom of youth, they got tired of their gilt cage, and found the Seraglio Point too remote from the gay life of Stamboul. So, after using every stratagem to have their residence moved to some bright palace on the Bosphorus, and having failed, they resorted to fire. One night the slaves were awakened with the cry of "Fire!" They at once gave the alarm, and the fire companies rushed to the spot, only to be driven back at the point of the bayonet by the guardians of the harem, who declared that no man should look on the face of the Sultanas! The doors were barred, and none of the women allowed to come out; therefore the poor wretches fell victims to their own folly or crime.

The gloomy aspect of many of the other palaces we passed would suggest to one's mind weird oft-told tales of love and crime committed within their dark walls; for, although the Turks are the kindest people in the world to animals and to children, they have, if the gossip of Constantinople can be credited, wrought the darkest tragedies in their domestic life; and secret assassination still prevails among them to a fearful extent. It is true that faithless wives are no longer sewn up in sacks and thrown into the Bosphorus; for there is now too much European surveillance to admit of resort to that ancient method; but women can mysteriously disappear, and their nearest relatives can find no clue, nor obtain the aid of law. The harem is inviolate even to the officers of justice, or to the Sultan himself; so what a convenient cloak to crime it can be made, can easily be imagined.

To return to my subject. I drove on and on through tortuous lanes, and after inquiring of several cabmen, who looked at the address in

Turkish and in French, and gave us incorrect information, my coachman finally discovered the place, and set me down at a large gateway decorated with flags, surmounted by the Sultan's cipher in gilt. Men were stationed at the gate to take our tickets, as nobody could enter without one. There I found a most gentlemanly man, who showed the way to the house, at the end of a huge courtyard, remarking at the same time that he feared I could not find a place; and it really looked very much like it, for out to the entrance door women seemed jostling each other, trying to push their way in. I had, however, a reserved seat, so passed in, and was met by the courteous lady directress of the establishment, who greeted me most kindly, and, begging of me to follow her, reached the reserved portion of the room, where divans and sofas were placed for us.

This room ran the whole length of the building, which is very large. Facing the door at the opposite side, is a large recessed bay

window, raised from the floor by a step, capable of containing several sofas and easy-chairs for the invited guests. I was shown to a seat next to the wife of one of the high pachas, who is one of the Ministers of the Sultan. She was a small, plain, elderly woman, very thin. She wore a dress of pale mauve striped satin, with long train, which she was always tucking up. The neck and sleeves were trimmed with such common lace as one might see on a fifth-rate actress. The dress was fastened at the throat with a lovely brooch, a ruby and diamond butterfly. Her hair was cut short, and of carroty red; the white muslin band bound around the forehead concealed the greater part of her hair. Long earrings in diamonds hung from her ears, which were small and well-shaped; her small bony fingers were covered with costly rings, a fortune in themselves. With all these apparent luxuries, she seemed far from happy; she had a discontented look, but not an anxious one, like European women; for no Turkish lady has anxieties about her future as

far as money matters are concerned, for their fortune is all arranged before marriage, and no matter how many wives her lord takes unto himself, it makes no difference to her, or to her children.

This lady's daughter, who was also there, was quite like a nice modest English girl, dressed in a handsome walking suit of brown stamped velvet. These ladies had a companion, or an attendant. It is very difficult in the East to define the status of these humble companions, for they are treated with the greatest familiarity and kindness; they laugh and joke with their mistress. Once they have made their first "salaams" to the ladies whom they know, they are perfectly at their ease. They wear handsome jewellery, but their dress is more Oriental.

About a dozen of these high Turkish ladies were seated on either side of me, when a very tall, handsome woman, accompanied by her daughter, arrived, attended by a small black boy of about twelve years of age. She took her seat next to

me on the sofa. As I was the only European lady present, all the Turkish ladies seemed anxious to get near me; their curiosity about me equalling mine about them; but they yielded the place to the highest in rank, my handsome neighbour. She wore a dark blue satin feridje, or long cloak, trimmed with blue bead trimming; her headdress was the usual new piece of muslin around the head, like a turban; then another piece brought from the back across the mouth; this latter piece was taken off by her maid, and I was so charmed by her face that I asked who she was, and was told she was the wife of the Prime Minister, Grand Vizier, as he is called in Turkey. In no court of Europe could you see a more ladylike, self-possessed, or dignified woman. She had God's greatest gift to woman, a lovely, sympathetic face, with the sweetest expression I ever saw. I was particularly struck with the extreme dignity of her bearing, when my neighbour, the Minister's wife, just described, on hearing who she was, stood up and salaamed her. She

returned it with the same quiet ease she had shown in returning the salute of a servant a few minutes before. Her daughter, a handsome girl of about sixteen years of age, read an essay, which might have been very profound, if we could have heard or understood it. Then came in a huge woman (a load for a camel, as they say in the East), and I should say a heavy one too. She was dressed in a red satin feridje ; when she took off her veil of white muslin, she disclosed a face like a full moon, surrounded by small curls of a reddish tinge, which gave her a very funny appearance. She was, and thought herself, a great swell, as she was the wife of the Minister of War. There were several others ; but as Turkish women are nearly all cut on the same pattern, I think I have shown the three types.

We all sat and looked at each other—nobody spoke. Out in the garden the Sultan's band discoursed sweet music of the Turkish kind. In the middle of the room the girls were standing in a semicircle, one half dressed in pale blue and

the other half in dark olive trimmed with white braid; some with hair plaited in large coils down the back, others with hair cut short, caught back with ivory combs. In fact, they resembled European children in costume, and many in face, for the Turks are a fair race. Some had red hair, made still redder by henna (a kind of native dye); others had hair as black as a raven's wing; but nearly all had hair much more luxuriant than in Europe. There were some few black maidens who seemed clever, for they received many prizes.

Behind these girls came the Turkish women who were not asked into the reserved seats, and who filled this immense hall, most of them standing closely packed like sardines in a box, and chattering like a lot of monkeys; they made such a noise, that it was quite impossible to hear a word of the essays read by some of the girls. After several futile efforts on the part of the directress and her assistant to enforce silence, they resigned themselves to the inevitable, and were proceeding with the recitations, when there was a great com-

motion at the entrance door by the arrival of three black gentlemen from the palace, who came *de la part du Sultan.* These eunuchs were all young men of about twenty-five years of age, dressed in the most fashionable manner, with irreproachable linen, boots and gloves, the finest black cloth coats, made like our High Church clergymen's; in fact, everything about them showing luxury and extravagance: large diamond rings and studs completed their costume.

These black gentlemen sauntered in with an air of superiority, more fitted for princes of the blood; the wives of the ministers made room for them on the sofa, and, much to my horror, one sat just near me. These creatures smoked, and the ladies gave them lights from their own cigarettes; in fact, treated them with the highest consideration. Again the eunuchs tried to enforce silence, but to no purpose; they stood up, swung their arms up and down, shouting out in Turkish "Silence!" then finally gave it up in despair, and

I suppose concluded that no power on earth could make a woman hold her tongue.

When the girls had finished reciting, the prizes were given; and these were handed to the successful scholars by the invited guests. Even the black gentlemen handed some of the prizes. I noticed one thing, which verifies the old adage, that children and dogs know their friends; for when these men patted on the head one or two of the prettiest little girls, they shrank from their touch, with a decided air of repugnance that was very striking. The prizes were nearly all composed of work-baskets, scent-bottles, jewellery; I don't think there was a book among them; if there was, I did not see it; so different from our home prizes, where books are the chief rewards of merit. There was great excitement among the families of the children, those who received, and those who did not receive prizes. Some little ones cried because they had not received any—others said that there was favour shown to some; and grumbling went on, as in all schools.

It was a most novel sight, to look from where we sat on our raised daïs, on a perfect sea of heads, all covered with white veils, like nuns, filling this immense hall on either side of us; and no man visible, but the three black gentlemen already described. After the prizes were disposed of, the hall commenced to empty, so that we were able to go up to the second floor and inspect the work of the pupils. The work is more varied than in other schools—plain and fancy, all kinds of European work; but the most lovely of all was the Eastern embroidery in gold and silver, on satin and velvet, which was quite equal to anything ancient or modern I have ever seen. On being shown some of the Bulgarian work, which is now so well known in England, I remarked to the mistress that I understood it was injurious to the eyes. She laughed and said, "I wish to show you the old woman who teaches it, as she is nearer ninety than eighty years old." And, to my astonishment, she called up a small woman, with a bright face and piercing black eyes, and a

brisk walk like a girl. I know, however, that she must be an exception; for most of those poor refugees lose their sight, from this fine work, and are obliged to wear three sets of glasses. All the upper ten then retired into a small saloon, where there was a piano. The Turkish ladies sat upon the divans, then their servants took off feridjes, or silk cloaks, and the headdress, and folded them up carefully in a square of embroidered cloth, as if they intended spending the remainder of the afternoon there; and I have no doubt they did.

We had coffee, sweetmeats and sherbet served to us, and at the same time two of the Turkish pupils played duets, under the guidance of their teacher, who is an Englishwoman. I can't say they showed much talent in that line; however, it is a step in the right direction. Great attention is paid to writing. The Turkish writing is so difficult that women cannot teach it sufficiently well, so that they are obliged to have men teachers. It is a most comic, as well as a

strange sight, to see a Turkish school of girls squatting on the floor, closely veiled, learning to write; the professor going from one to another, praising some and reproving others. The Turkish children are, as a general rule, very serious and dignified, seldom smiling. They don't seem to have any idea of that joyous, happy childhood that we have; and that in after life is the one bright spot left to us to look back upon.

When they come into their parents' presence they salaam to them, and quietly kiss their hand in a solemn fashion.

The Grand Vizier's wife looked still more lady-like and graceful when she removed her voluminous silk ferejeh, as her dress was well made and fitted her well; as she half sat, half reclined on the divan, she would be thought a pretty woman anywhere. She seemed to have a great deal to say to her red-haired, fat friend, who was a striking contrast. I chatted to one of the daughters, who spoke French, until I found it getting rather monotonous; so took my departure, very well pleased with my morning's entertainment.

## CHAPTER X.

The Sultan and his Empire—A Sketch of Abdul Hamid as he appears and is—Some Incidents connected with his Accession to the Throne—The Turkish "Man in the Iron Mask"—Personal Peculiarities of the Sultan—Illustrations of "The Reforms" in Turkey—The Press Law, the Courts of Justice, and the Treatment of Foreign Claimants by Government.

THERE has been a great deal of "Gush" inside and outside of diplomatic circles in Europe, and elsewhere, over Abdul Hamid, present Sultan of Turkey; and much praise poured out over his personal character and capacity, and the "Reforms" he is supposed to have initiated or carried out, since his accession to the throne.

The actual personality of the man and the monarch has been so disguised by the fulsome flattery of paid scribes, and of visitors, high and

low, on whom he has lavished costly gifts and plausible speeches, that those who really know what the man, his court, his administration and empire actually are, feel themselves forced to repeat what the prophet in his haste remarked very long ago.

For, in fact, the condition of things in Constantinople and in the provinces, has been steadily going from bad to worse for a series of years; and decay and dilapidation are plainly visible even at Stamboul, and on the fairy-like scenes which still greet you on the Bosphorus.

The personal characteristics of the successive Sultans since Mahmoud, who honestly desired and attempted reforms, have degenerated with the decadence of the Empire.

For fifteen years the Sultan Abdul Hamid has reigned, through virtue of a Palace conspiracy, and the edict of the Sheik ul Islam (the Head of the Faith, and of the Mosques) setting aside his elder brother Mourad, who had succeeded the ill-fated Abdul Aziz, his uncle, done to death by

those conspirators; and for all those years he has kept that brother imprisoned in a palace on the Bosphorus, overlooked by his own, as invisible and inaccessible as "The Man in the Iron Mask" of the French chroniclers.

His palace prison is on the bank of the Bosphorus, but no caïque, boat, or barque is ever allowed to approach near the shore at that point; and armed guards are ever posted before and around the palace, to prevent any possible communication with outsiders.

What the life and thoughts of the caged ex-Sultan may be, God and his jailers alone may know. If he still survives (which many doubt, since it is a long time since any of his friends have been allowed to see him), sad indeed both must be; since over the portals of this Royal prison might well be inscribed Dante's famous inscription over the gate of Hell—

Lasciate ogni Speranza,
Voi ch' entrate.

The alleged reason for the deposition and

interment alive of the luckless Mourad was mental alienation But, at Stamboul, the real reason was believed to be his desire to reform his Empire on the European plan ; for he had visited Europe in his uncle's suite. The same reason, it is alleged, led to the banishment and death of Midhat Pacha, and other Turkish statesmen advocating reform, to whom the present Sultan owes his seat upon the throne ; for it was through the deposition and death of Abdul Aziz that the change was made.

Among the many curious episodes of Turkish history, this chapter is one of the most curious, and the most instructive, as to their methods of altering and administering the government.

A palace cabal and conspiracy, and the co-operation of the Sheik ul Islam, or spiritual head of the faith, and of the Ulemas and Softas, the two great religious bodies connected with the Mosques, and the death or deposition of the Ruler takes place in a few hours, without any armed struggle having taken place. Of course

the troops in the immediate vicinity of, or on guard at the palace, must also be secured in advance; but the Minister of War can usually manage that without difficulty.

Hence political revolutions in Turkey are bloodless, and the Ruler replaced with far less trouble than elsewhere. As there is no popular feeling, in fact no people, the plotters and the Ulemas have it all their own way.

Constant and wholesale deportations and banishments of the guards (military and civil) who surround him, on suspicion of "conspiracy," take place. For most of these there is no return, they usually die in exile. The air of Yildiz Kiosk is always thick with rumours of plots or insurrections, and those most previously favoured are suddenly disgraced and exiled. The "suspicion of being suspected" is as fatal a malady to-day in Turkey, as it was in France in the days of Robespierre.

It has frequently happened to absolute monarchs to possess wise and faithful counsellors.

Henry VIII. had Wolsey, and Elizabeth was surrounded by a galaxy of great men. Hence the country under their rule prospered, in despite of the arbitrary character of the rulers.

But the case is widely different where the surroundings of the absolute Ruler are almost all ignorant, selfish, and corrupt, and faithless even to the hand that feeds them; with only enough exceptions to prove the rule. Far worse is it where the Ruler, secluded from the rest of mankind, and hearing always the voice of flattery, never that of truth, is blind and deaf even to the iniquities perpetrated in his name, and by his authority; as the Sultan, "sitting on a hill apart" at Yildiz Kiosk necessarily must be.

The vices of such a system would paralyze and make ineffectual the virtues of the man, even if he were entitled to the credit of possessing them, and desired the well-being of his people and country, not the gratification only of his own vanity and luxury, at the cost of both. Like the

Emperor Tiberius, distrustful of mankind, Abdul Hamid has created his Capri at Yildiz Kiosk, surrounded by barracks on every side. Into this well-guarded spot, the gardens of which are surrounded by high walls, each gate of which is a guard-house, and never passed except by special permission; his most important marshals, spies, eunuchs, and women, are alone permitted to enter, except when special audience is given there to privileged persons. In that secluded retreat there are yet more secluded recesses, into which the Kislar Aga (head eunuch) or chamberlains may enter; when the Sultan is not hidden in his harem, where most of his time is passed.

Only once a year does he cross the Bosphorus to Asiatic soil; from a religious obligation which he cannot avoid without forfeiture of his Empire. But, even then, the whole route is guarded by a line of soldiers on either side; many thousands of whom are kept perpetually on guard at the capital; and the way he goes, or returns, is

kept secret until the moment of his passing.

For the rest of the time he is invisible to the public eye, except for a few minutes every Friday, when he drives through a lane of soldiers across the road, out of his palace gate, to a new mosque, which at great cost he caused to be erected for his personal convenience; named after himself, although mosques very near his palace existed before.

The nervous fears of the Sultan are so great, that foreigners who are to be received, for some special cause, are warned by his chamberlains or marshals not to put their hands into their pockets, under any pretence, while in the royal presence; nor to have anything in those pockets which would bulge out, and create the suspicion of concealed weapons. He lives in the perpetual dread of assassination. When we reflect that one of the Sultan's chief appellations is that of "Hunkiar" (man-slayer), this does not appear very consistent.

When, even more truly than Louis XIV., the Ruler can say "I am the State," his personal characteristics are of vital importance, and worthy of being fully described.

Many if not all of his weaknesses and his defects may be traced to the defective education—or rather want of real education—which is the lot of all "the Princes of the blood" in Turkey; who are ever brought up in the Harem until early manhood, when they are transferred to some gilded prison, without liberty of thought or action, and are in fact State prisoners, under perpetual surveillance.

The present Sultan understands and can speak no foreign language, so all foreign information must be filtered to him through interpreters.

There are two checks on the most despotic of European Governments, which unhappily do not exist in Turkey.

These are the pressure of public opinion, and the utterances of a free press, neither of which

exist, or are tolerated, under the sway of the Padischah.

As regards public opinion, there can be no such thing where there is no people in the proper sense of that term; but merely a conglomeration of different nationalities and different sects, all agreeing only to disagree, and, like Carlyle's "Pitcher of Egyptian tamed vipers," each striving to get its head above the others.

A chorus composed of such elements could only give utterance to the most discordant notes; no articulate melody could come out of it.

As regards the press in Turkey, it dances only the fetter dance, and its manacles are of the heaviest kind. The censorship is of the most stringent kind, and in this at least the Turkish Government will bear no trifling. Suspension or suppression follows any serious violation of the rigid rules and restrictions which fence in the press, foreign as well as native. It is on the foreign press chiefly the thunderbolts fall; for, sad as it is to say, the representatives of foreign

powers are constantly urging the lethargic Turkish Government to enforce their pains and penalties on the foreign presses which have published something wounding their susceptibilities. The management of the press as a corrector of abuses in Turkey, may be judged of by a circular, issued as late as December, 1888, when a new director and censor of the press (by name Ahmed Aariffi Effendi) was appointed, and put forth his programme, from which the following extracts are appended :—The circular was marked "Private," and sent to all the journals published in Turkey, native and foreign.

"Art. V.—Avoid personalities. If anybody comes and tells you a governor or deputy-governor is guilty of embezzlement, mal-administration, or other blameworthy conduct, *treat the charge as not proven, and say nothing about it.*

Art. VII.—You are forbidden absolutely to publish a word about attempts on the lives of foreign sovereigns, or acts of sedition in foreign countries, for it is not good that such things

should be made known to our loyal and peaceable populations.

Art. VI.—You are forbidden absolutely to publish petitions from individuals or associations *calling the Sultan's attention to, and complaining of acts of misgovernment.*

Art. IV.—Avoid blank places, or suggestive dots in the body of the article; they tend to raise suppositions, and disturb the tranquillity of the reader's mind; as was lately seen in the case of the *Levant Herald.*

Art. VIII.—You must not mention these regulations in your journal, because they might provoke criticism, or draw unpleasant observations from ill-constructed minds!"

The only avenue open to the claimant, asking from the heads of the State that justice which the tribunals, notoriously corrupt, cannot and will not give the foreigner, is through the Grand Vizier. But the mind and time of that high functionary are too much taken up with political squabbles to stoop to smaller matters, involving, as these often

do, the most serious interests of individuals having business with the Government. Men have been kept at Constantinople for years, in the desperate endeavour to obtain a settlement of just claims; others have gone mad, or died, under the terrible strain of hope deferred. Many, in despair, have renounced the effort, and submitted to wrong and spoliation, rather than waste time and life in the pursuit of a *mirage*.

Nominally, a claimant against the Government or Ministers may appeal to the tribunals; but from the constitution and organization of those bodies, a resort to them is only a protraction of the agony, and an additional loss to the claimant.

With a free press, or the possibility of free speech with the Sultan, outside of diplomatic discussion, the abuses, now discrediting the palace and the different administrations, would be dispelled like the malarious mists by the bright sunshine. But neither of these is permitted.

The censorship of the press, both native and

foreign, is of the most stringent kind, and suppression or suspension follows the slightest violation of the rigid rules and restrictions imposed on the circulation even of news items.

As there is *no public opinion in Turkey*, or effective mode of giving it expression, the Administrators of the Government are "chartered libertines," subject to no restraints, and free to act precisely as best suits themselves; so long as they do not excite the displeasure of the Sultan or the Grand Vizier.

Irresponsibility is the badge of the whole official tribe in the Ottoman dominions. Outside, it has among its foreign representatives some able and enlightened men, chiefly Christians; who keep Europe in good humour with the shortcomings of the home administration. Several times, during the last few years, a show of reform, and high-sounding promises of improvement have been made, in Hatti Houmayons and Hatti Scheriffs, Imperial Edicts issued by Sultan Mahmoud and his successors; but they proved to

be only blossoms, which never ripened into fruit. For the working of the promised reforms has been entrusted to a class of men incapacitated by training, education, and deep-rooted religious prejudices, from enforcing provisions opposed to all of these.

Even giving the Sultans credit for good intentions in issuing those Edicts, they have been frustrated by their ignorant and corrupt subordinates, who have observed neither the letter nor the spirit of those Edicts, especially in the Provinces; although a show may have been made at the Capital, under the eyes of the foreign Ministers.

There is a very good Turkish story, which embodies the general belief of the natives, as to the way justice is usually administered in the Ottoman Empire. It runs substantially as follows:—

A merchant of Bagdad, brought up to Stamboul an appeal against an adverse decision of a Cadi's Court in the interior; the Grand Vizier being

regarded as the highest fountain of justice, next the Sultan, who is unapproachable. The Grand Vizier, recently bullied by a foreign Ambassador, and in a very bad humour, summarily, in two minutes' time, dismissed the appeal without looking at the papers. The merchant, to his great astonishment, commenced kissing the hem of his robe, and invoking blessings on his head.

"But," exclaimed the astonished Grand Vizier, "why do you pour benedictions on my head? What are you grateful for? I have dismissed your appeal. You have lost your case, your time, and your money. Are these things to be thankful for?"

"Highness," said the merchant, "I see that the Sultan (whom may Allah protect!) calls only to your high post men of lofty intellect. You have seen and judged my affair in two minutes' time, and have condemned me. The will of Allah be done! The reason for my thanking you is, that another Grand Vizier, with his 'Bakaloum—Bakaloum' (we shall see about it), might have

kept me waiting for months to get the same answer, after wasting much of my time and money. Now I can return to my wife, family and business. Hence I invoke blessings on your head." The Grand Vizier laughed, and reversed his decision. Such is Turkish justice and jurisprudence!

The reports of the English Consuls in Turkey, for several years past, published in the Blue Books, abundantly testify to this, and prove what a dead letter these boasted reforms, judicial and other, have practically turned out, under unwilling and incompetent administrators.

Brief quotations from two of these reports, from officials long resident in the East, must suffice for the moment; although they can be indefinitely multiplied, to confirm this accusation.

The English Consul at Smyrna writes to the Foreign Office that "the stipulations of the Hatti Houmayon of 1856, which purport to establish equality of Turk and Christian before the law (with the exception of religious toleration) have

never been carried out, but remain a dead letter. The chief grief of the Christians is the exclusion of their testimony in the Cadi's courts; and where a mixed tribunal is instituted, the majority of Mussulmans is such, as to give them the control of the decision.

"Admitting the good intentions of some of the Governors of Provinces, their efforts are paralysed by the ignorance and cupidity of their subordinates."

Writing from the other extremity of the Empire, the port of Kustendjé, Mr. Sankey, British Vice-Consul, says: "The provisions are evaded and deprived of all weight by the conduct of the local authorities"; and emphatically adds, "Before the tribunals, if a Turk be either plaintiff or defendant, the testimony of a Christian, even if he has fifty Christian witnesses, will not avail. He must buy the testimony of two Mussulmans. Appeals to higher courts are abandoned in despair."

Two out of hundreds of cases, proving the bad

faith, and disregard of solemn obligations on the part of the Sublime Porte, may be cited here to prove the statements previously made. One was that of an Englishman, knighted by his Queen for meritorious industrial work done at home; who, in an evil hour, was induced by the persuasions of the Turkish Government, to furnish army supplies to the amount of £30,000 during the late war with Russia.

For eight years he was kept at Constantinople in constant attendance on "The Sublime Porte," fed on delusive promises, until health, money and hope at last gave way; and he was forced to accept a compromise, which was to refund him *one-sixth* of his original outlay, without interest, and even that in old supplies of railway iron and other rubbish. Even this he did not obtain until he resorted to the extraordinary expedient of presenting himself, at the risk of his life, at the carriage window of the Sultan, as he drove to the Mosque on Friday, with his petition conspicuously elevated in the air; which shamed the Sultan into a recog-

nition of his claims, to avoid a recurrence of such a scandal.

On his return home his youngest child did not recognise her father after his eight years' absence, and his business, during the interval, had gone to rack and ruin. Yet, even after all this, the unfortunate man had to return to Constantinople a year after, the contract with him having been again broken; to make another compromise with the Turkish Government; at what sacrifice nobody knew, shaking from his feet the dust of Constantinople for ever.

Another equally noted case, which ended even more tragically, was that of a German contractor with the Naval Department for some steamers; wherein the Turkish Government, failing in its payments to him, destroyed his credit, until bankruptcy and ruin stared him in the face.

Driven to desperation, he determined to go home, and appeal to his Government for enforcement of his contract,

The Turkish Government being informed of

his intention, he was intercepted on board the steamer, by special order of the Sultan, and brought back, under promise of speedy settlement of his business. Putting faith in these promises, the unfortunate man remained, only to encounter the same evasions and delays, until several weeks later on brain fever, brought on by the slow agonies of hope deferred, terminated his existence. His widow as vainly attempted (after his demise) to get justice, although a German Admiral came over with her to secure it.

Such is the way in which this so-called reformed Government keeps its contracts and does its business with foreigners; unless the direct interposition of some strong Government compels justice for its subjects—which is very seldom the case.

Is any further testimony required to prove that the "Reign of Law," as understood and practised in civilized countries, does not exist in Turkey, although sounding proclamations and elaborate machinery may promise it, to natives and to foreigners? The comments of the Consuls touch

on the administration, in so far as the Christian population are concerned. In as far as the natives are dealt with, there are but two ruling principles, the precepts of the Koran—the source and fountain of all legal lore with them—and "Baksheesh" (or bribery), which is to-day even more potential. If, as the English wit said of his own country, "The Courts of Law are open to all; but so, also, is the London Tavern, *to all who have money in their pockets!*" doubly does this witticism apply to Turkish ones; for "Baksheesh" is the golden calf modern Turkey worships; far more fervently than the children of Israel ever did.

Can it be wondered at then, that the progress of the Turkish Government is crab-like in its movement, and that its European possessions are crumbling away from it, until its standing-ground in Europe is yearly becoming narrower and narrower, and its moral influence and real control over its tributary provinces more nominal than real, needing but one strong blow to shatter it into fragments?

The Sultan is not without his eulogists, even in the press abroad; and his portrait has been painted in the most attractive colours, by foreign pens, as well as by native flatterers.

Among these may be found a name of some celebrity—that of Arminius Vambéry, the famous Eastern traveller, the rival of Richard Burton in affiliating with the pilgrims during the pilgrimages, and sharing their discomforts and trials. In an article contributed to a London review, he draws a fancy sketch of the Sultan, as a wise and benevolent ruler and reformer; and gives him credit for qualities of intelligence and statesmanship which no one ever discovered before.

The best commentary on the character and capacity of a monarch, is the actual condition of the country he governs, and the public feeling towards him.

Here are two paragraphs, taken from a leading London journal (the *Pall Mall Gazette*), which establish, firstly, the actual estimate in which the Sultan is held by the only instructed and in-

fluential portion of his subjects at Stamboul; and, secondly, the actual state of the provinces under his paternal sway.

These contradict most strongly the estimate of Professor Vambéry, and come from disinterested European correspondents of a responsible journal, who can have no object but to tell the truth.

On the 12th June last, the following intelligence from Constantinople appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—

SERIOUS DISCONTENT IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

ALARM OF THE SULTAN.

Intelligence from Constantinople states, that agitation prevails among the Ulemas and Softas, who complain that, notwithstanding the great misery of the country, and the sufferings of the Mussulman population, the Sultan incurs enormous expense in making presents and giving sumptuous dinners and fêtes to the heads of the foreign Embassies and Legations, as well as to numerous Christian foreigners who annually visit Constantinople.

Notwithstanding the explanation previously given, that this expenditure was necessitated by the exigencies of the present time, some Softas recently held meetings at which they openly expressed the opinion, that it was exactly on account of these requirements that the country was reduced to its present deplorable condition. They de-

cared that the moment had arrived to put an end to such a state of affairs, and to restore the old *régime*, which had alone been always conducive to the greatness, glory, and prosperity of the Empire.

The Sultan is greatly concerned at these demonstrations, suspecting them to be prompted by persons belonging to his entourage; and by his orders a very strict inquiry has been opened at the Palace. Since Tuesday last the gates of the Yildiz Kiosk have been guarded, all access or egress being prohibited. It is stated that some civil and military functionaries have already been arrested on suspicion of being implicated in the agitation.

As before stated, the Softas and Ulemas (the Mussulman priests and teachers in the mosques) are the most influential and intelligent body in the State—the makers and unmakers of Sultans and Administrations, the only power tempering the despotism of the Turkish Government.

Their warning, and the language and spirit in which it is couched, sounds almost like the knell of the existing Government; and so evidently does the Sultan regard it.

The condition of a portion of the country is thus set forth in other journals of about the same date :—

## THE TERRIBLE MASSACRE OF CHRISTIANS IN TURKEY.

According to a correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* at Munich, horrible details are reaching Germany from Uskub of the massacre of Christian villagers by Arnauts in Old Serbia. It is altogether (says the correspondent) the most frightful episode since Batak. According to the account given by the Austrian *Politische Correspondenz* (from what is stated as a trustworthy source), a numerous band of Albanians fell on a Christian village, and turned out half the inhabitants, taking possession of their houses. They promised the evicted villagers safe-conduct to the Serbian frontier, giving them an escort to reassure them. The Christian Serbs, some ninety in number, set out with their Arnaut escort. About four kilomètres from the Serbian frontier they were waylaid by Arnauts in ambush, and shot down in heaps. About fifteen were killed and thirty-five wounded, including three women and three children. No Albanian was touched. The survivors were robbed of all their belongings. The Arnaut escort, which had stood by while over half the Serbs were shot down, joined in the plunder. The Arnauts then set upon the women and girls, who were first outraged in the sight of the surviving members of their families, and then mutilated in horrible ways. Of the remainder of the fugitives, only four or five succeeded in reaching the Serbian frontier; the rest fell into the hands of the Turkish soldiery, who, instead of interfering with the Arnauts, dragged the Serbs off, together with the wounded and mutilated, to the prison at Mitrovitza, where they are still confined on the pretext that they had tried to emigrate without official permission. Such in brief

is the account given (adds the correspondent); and I can only say from personal experience of Old Serbia, which I have twice passed through since the Berlin Treaty, that, on a smaller scale, horrors of the same kind have been of continual occurrence during the years since the province was handed back to the Turks by the diplomatists. In the Ipek district alone I was shown a list of ninety Christian villagers who had been murdered separately or in batches by Arnauts. At a village near Ipek a mere boy had been, just before my arrival, shot down by an Arnaut in pure wantonness in broad daylight by the fountain. In nearly all these cases the murderers were known, but in no single case were they brought to justice by the Turkish authorities, who will take no repressive measures against these European Kurds. They wink at the existing reign of terror, as for political purposes they wish to drive the Christian Serb population from the Kassova district, and to make it a Mahommedan stronghold.

Both the home and the foreign testimony lead irresistibly to the same conclusion, and that neither flattering to the Man nor the Ruler.

Turkey in Europe resembles one of those old oak trees, hollow at heart, but with an outer shell, through which enough of sap still circulates to give the semblance of strength and vitality, but ready to topple down before the first strong blast which strikes it.

Its domination in Asia rests on an entirely different basis, and has more of vigour and vitality; but there also misgovernment, mismanagement, and official corruption have weakened the strong ties which bound the whole Moslem world to the "Head of the Faithful."

If the Ottoman Empire is to have a future, it must be in Asia, not in Europe, where the Crescent is rapidly waning into invisibility before the encroaching sunburst of Civilization.

## CHAPTER XI.

From Stamboul to the Baths of Broussa in Asia Minor—Curious Sights and Characters on board the Steamer to Moudania, on the Sea of Marmora—Turkish Life Afloat—The Drive thence to Broussa, and Mount Olympus.

In the month of May Constantinople commences to assume its summer habits, and oppressive heat and bad smells render it anything but an agreeable residence. The summer exodus of all who can afford it begins with the famous baths of Broussa, which have two fashionable seasons: from the first of May up to the fifteenth of June, and from the first of September until the middle of October.

A rival of Broussa has recently sprung up in the baths of Hercules, at Mehadia, near the line of railway of the Varna Express, where the

scenery is very grand, and the waters very healing. The local tradition of the latter place declares that the Romans, after conquering the world, discovered these springs and refreshed their wearied limbs by sitting up to their necks, for three successive days, in their almost boiling waters; a feat surpassing any other bathing experiences on record.

The season at the baths of Hercules, however, is much later than that at Broussa, the climate being so much colder. We, therefore, made our choice of Broussa, and had no reason to repent our decision, as the sequel showed.

Wearied of the sights, sounds and smells of Pera, the European quarter of Constantinople, wherein we had sojourned during the winter, and whose dogs kept up carnival all day, and made night hideous, under the canicular influence of the premature dog-days, we sought and found an Asiatic Lethe in the healing waters of Broussa.

On a bright May morning, at nine A.M., we found our steamer anchored near the Golden

Horn, puffing and blowing and ready for departure; the journey to Broussa being partly by water and partly by land, and consuming, in fair weather, about seven hours for the entire transit.

The first half of the trip is across the Sea of Marmora to Moudania, on the bay of the same name, which may be considered the seaport of Broussa, although fourteen miles distant. The remainder is by land, in large roomy carriages, over an excellent macadamised road, kept in good order by the local government.

On board our steamer, which was crowded with deck passengers, strewed over every spare inch of the lower deck and passage-ways, in most picturesque disorder, the scene was truly Oriental, and redolent of the sights, sounds, and odours of the East. The painter could there have found groups and costumes such as Carl Haag and Goodall delight to portray, and have rendered familiar to Western eyes.

On the upper deck (on each side of which was a covered cabin, the right reserved for European

ladies, on the left for Turkish harems), congregated the first-class passengers, to whom was also assigned the cabin below, with eating and sleeping accommodation, neither of the most dainty description. The first-class passengers, though few in number (about a dozen), were almost of as many different nationalities—English, American, French, Italian, Greek, Armenian and Turkish.

The Turks, Armenians, and many of the Greeks, wore red fez caps, the mark of being either in the Turkish service, or of old residency. All except the Turks found a common tongue, either in French or Italian, the two universal languages of the Levant, English being only very little understood or spoken, except by educated Greeks.

Turning the eye from the upper to the lower deck, the scene was most Oriental and picturesque; for on every available inch of space sat, sprawled, or stretched out at full length, specimens of almost every native race peopling Turkey and Asia Minor: some in gorgeous raiment, some in

rags, some in rough sheepskin coverings or rugs, answering the purpose of overcoats and blankets at the same time. The bright colours which these people love to wear render, at a distance, even their dirty rags picturesque and imposing; and the men wear them gracefully, and as if unconscious of the dirt and raggedness which mar the nearer effects.

It was a motley group; for extremes touch more nearly in the East than elsewhere; and among the numerous "fellows of the baser sort," in their rags and rugs, who constitute the majority of the deck passengers, might be discerned the gaudily-dressed Albanian soldier, in his half Greek half Turkish costume of bright-coloured cloth embroidered in gold, with burnished row of brass cartridges garnishing his chest, and silver-mounted butts of pistols protruding from the gaudy silken sash wound around his waist. All sorts and conditions of men, of all Eastern nationalities, in every conceivable costume, or conglomeration of costumes, seemed

congregated on that unwashed, and excessively-dirty lower deck, and the gangway adjoining.

They all made themselves quite at home in their *al fresco* quarters, these sons of the soil; some were eating, some were gambling, some were praying, some were quarrelling, and some were stretched out at full length covered head and all with rugs or shaggy sheepskins, sleeping soundly, in spite of all the noise and confusion around them, and the trampling over their prostrate bodies by their companions; very scant ceremony being observed among them.

The consumption of coffee and tobacco was enormous, and it was curious to observe how much the lowest orders have substituted the portable cigarette for the old-time chibouque: although many still adhere to the latter.

A small portion of the raised lower deck, covered over with an old awning, stuck in at the sides with tarpaulin, resembling a large fowl-coop, hid the Turkish women of the lower class from the men, or rather from the contact of the

male portion of the crew; and here they squatted, smoked, and ate and quarrelled, in a species of impromptu out-door harem. Horses, sheep and goats were also forward-deck passengers, enlivening the passage with their varied noises; and the steamer altogether presented a most modern parody on Noah's ark, in the variety of the different specimens of animals housed temporarily therein.

Raising your eyes from the vessel to the outward view, a most ravishing scene, or series of scenes, met the admiring eye.

Passing out of view of the matchless panorama of the Golden Horn, we rounded the Seraglio Point, with its domes, and palaces, and kiosks, half hidden in the yet green woods, which still give an air of mystery to this now deserted "abode of bliss," formerly the favourite residence of the Sultans and Sultanas, under the old *régime*. Deserted by the later Sultans, who have preferred their palaces on the European shore of the Bosphorus, the old "serail" is now

merely a show place, through which the foreign traveller, "personally conducted"—not by Mr. Cook, but by an aide-de-camp of the Sultan, under an Imperial order specially issued—wanders within the limits prescribed, and catches glimpses of its ruined and tarnished splendour.

The traveller is led through silent and deserted courts, with kiosks Turkish baths and ornamental water abounding in them. Sweetmeats, coffee and cigarettes are offered him, as the temporary guest of the Sultan, in one of these kiosks, with a splendid view of the Bosphorus and Scutari on the Asiatic bank, from out of the windows.

The chief object of interest now is the Imperial Treasury, where the Imperial treasure in gems, arms, costumes, and objects of art, brought from all parts of the world, from the West as from the East, is exhibited.

Twenty-four guardians of the Treasury accompany the visitor on his rounds through the numerous rooms, although the Imperial treasures are safely locked up behind strong glass doors.

The most curious objects in the collection are the costumes worn by successive Sultans, fitted on the marble figures, showing the changes made in Ottoman dress since the time of the earlier Sultans. In the head-covering especially, the gradual dwindling down of the gigantic turban—like an overgrown mushroom—into the diminutive fez cap now worn, is the most remarkable; and the substitution of the stambouli, or Frank coat and pantaloons, for flowing robes and baggy breeches, speaks eloquently as to the invasion of Western on Eastern habits.

If both history and tradition lie not, orgies exceeding those of Sardanapalus, followed by sternest tragedies, were of old enacted within these now silent walls and deserted gardens, without the slightest regard or respect for the outside world.

Hoping the reader will pardon this episode, suggested by the associations of this famous place, let us pass on, leaving behind us, on the right, the four towering minarets which mark the

conversion of St. Sophia, once the most famous of Christian churches, into the Turkish mosque of Aya Sophia; held next in reverence by the Turks to the mosques at Mecca and Jerusalem.

On the left we pass along the shores of Scutari, where good Moslems prefer being buried, because it is their native soil.

Over it towers, like a sentinel, the long yellow building which, during the Crimean war, witnessed the labours of love of Florence Nightingale, when it served as a hospital. Now it is converted into barracks for Turkish troops.

The Isles of Prinkipo, Halki, Antigone, Proti, the summer resorts of the rich Greek population, loom out in the distance—but we pass them by without stopping; and sail on the smooth Sea of Marmora, under an Italian sky cloudless in its blue, for three hours more; with mountain ranges towering up almost on the verge of the sea, during the last part of our voyage.

A mountainous coast hems us in on either side, until through the clear ether, sharply defined

against the sky, rises the snow-clad summit of the Bithynian Olympus, a giant among his brethren; and we know that Broussa is nestling safely far down beneath that hoary crown.

Moudania is a well-built, thriving-looking town of several thousand inhabitants, chiefly Greek, and enjoys a considerable trade. The houses are well built, and the new hotel of considerable pretensions, and apparently very comfortable. Before getting into the town, and *en route* for Broussa however, you must run the gauntlet of passport inspection, as well as of examination of luggage—which four hours previously passed through the Constantinople Custom House; and your Turkish Teskère or passport inspected there, must be overhauled again—as customary, at the expense of a few piastres, or "baksheesh."

The expense is small, yet the stoppage is vexatious to the traveller who wants to get through; but they manage these things in their own peculiar way in the Turkish dominions, and there is no help for it—no use in protesting or

grumbling—you must possess your soul in patience, and comply with the regulations imposed either by the Government, or by the petty functionaries themselves, who in this remote region are pretty safe from inspection of their superiors.

Escaping through all these barriers at last, you emerge into a wide open space, where eager and clamorous carriage-drivers, brandishing their whips in air, compete excitedly for your custom; much after the manner of their brethren at railway stations the wide world over.

The carriages, built by Bulgarian refugees, are ponderous, clumsy-looking vehicles, but very roomy, lined with dark red velvet or plush, and made on the calèche principle, to open and shut at pleasure. They have quite a European look, but for the drivers, swarthy, sinewy Arménians, clad in Eastern costume in its primitive elements, jacket and baggy breeches, and shaggy overcoat, with hood for protecting the head. They speak no language you can understand, and seem all

descended from "Jehu the son of Nimshi," whose "furious driving" is commemorated in the Old Testament: but they are skilful charioteers, as well as fast ones. Selecting your man, the hubbub of voices ceases at once as if by magic, and you are left to his tender mercies without interference. You mount into the Noah's Ark—your luggage is swiftly stowed away—the driver cracks his whip—the lean, wiry horses dash off at half speed at once—and you are *en route* for Broussa, fourteen miles away.

The first portion of your journey, over the broad, well-made macadamized road, skirts the shore, giving glimpses of the blue sea, and the mountains which hem it in on the opposite side. Some of these views are very charming, but you soon emerge from the neighbourhood of the Gulf, and pass through groves of olive-trees, with vineyards stretching along the sloping sides of the hills, while the roadside is decked with a profusion of wild flowers of most variegated hues.

Ragged little children suddenly emerge and

throw bunches of wild flowers into the carriage as it passes, running alongside like greyhounds and clamouring for "Baksheesh." Woe unto the traveller who responds in small coins of the realm; for the name of these children is Legion, and their ubiquity astonishing, rising up, as they seem to do, out of the ground, each successive set more clamorous and persistent than their predecessors.

On the road you meet the primitive carts of the country, rough contrivances with groaning wooden axles, and tent-like coverings of striped cloth, like travelling booths—filled with the produce of the country—drawn by oxen. You also meet long files of laden camels, with their serpent-like necks, ungainly figures, and shambling gait, grunting and groaning as they plod along. For this proverbially patient animal, is really one of the most impatient of all the beasts of burden utilized by man; and at certain seasons both vicious and dangerous. Yet he has traded for centuries on the good character given him by

naturalists, unacquainted with his real nature and habits.

He makes, however, a very characteristic feature in every Eastern landscape, and is a very useful creature to those who know how to manage him. What the mule is to the Spaniard, the camel is to the Oriental.

Peering down into one of the valleys which skirted our mountain road, we saw a reproduction of "Abraham sitting in front of his tent," temporarily pitched in the hollow of the hills, in the person of the conductor of a camel caravan taking his rest there.

The burdens had been taken off the camels, who were browsing off the stunted shrubs and bushes; a most scriptural-looking small donkey was tethered near the tent, where the master sat smoking his chibouque; while the bales of goods which were being conveyed to market were piled up near-by.

The whole picture was thoroughly Oriental; so also was the leisurely way in which the caravan-

conductor was taking his goods to their destination. Our Jehu, however, had caught the spirit of modern progress, and did not loiter by the way. Up hill and down hill he urged our lean, but not unwilling horses, by voice more than by whip; and we were whirled along at a most rapid rate over the uneven roads, until we reached the wonderful plain of Broussa, twenty miles in length and five in width, apparently a garden spot under cultivation for most, if not all of its extent; careless although that culture may be in many respects.

The olive, the vine, the mulberry, the fig, and various cereals comprise the culture; and in spring the various shades of green which diversify the plain in patches, are most pleasing to look upon.

But the chief attraction to the eye, from the plain, is the ever-visible snowy top of Mount Olympus, most regally dominating and protecting the smiling scene beneath his feet. The loftiest of a range of mountains, he deserves Lord Byron's appellation of Mont Blanc, as the

"Monarch of Mountains"; and although his crown be of snow, yet his mighty sides, almost up to the summit, are clad in verdure and fringed with thick woods, unlike most mountains of his magnitude. As my readers doubtless know, this is not the Olympus of Homer's gods, which is in Greece; yet is he equally worthy by his traditions, of the attention of the scholar and the student.

Our Jehu, ignorant of all classic or historic associations, troubles himself little about our raptures over Olympus: familiarity has bred contempt with him; but he points to a clump of grand old trees with his whip, and we know we are approaching the half-way point between Moudania and Broussa, where a short rest is taken by man and beast before proceeding farther.

We reach the spot, and find a grand old grove of ancient trees, a kind of oasis in the flat treeless plain over which we have been travelling under a canopy of dust, without any refreshing shade to mitigate the evening ardour of the sun.

"Rest and be thankful" should have been recorded here on a memorial-stone, as at that famous site rendered classical by Earl Russell, in his famous application of it, in his equally famous address to the English people.

A small station-house, where black coffee, pipes, and very primitive refreshments were to be procured by the carriage and waggon drivers stopping to rest, was the only attempt at a station; but the magnificent old trees afforded shade and coolness enough to allow the traveller to dispense with the hospitalities of a way-side inn.

Several carriages were drawn up under the leafy canopy, containing visitors, some from Moudania, like ourselves, and others from Broussa, since this is a favourite drive from the latter place. Among these visitors we recognized a friend, in the person of one of the most noted public men in the East, Governor of the Lebanon for ten years, His Excellency Rustem Pacha, for the last four years ambassador at London.

From the Pacha we had a good report of the

charms and comforts of Broussa, where he had preceded us a week ; and his favourable statement was fully confirmed by our own subsequent experience.

A harsh croak in the air causes us to look up, and we behold two other occupants of the wood, which we had not observed before. On a decayed and leafless tree, just behind the station-house, were perched two storks, fearlessly standing in the midst of a large nest which they had constructed in the fork. They seemed perfectly domesticated, and apparently considered themselves as members of the family of the coffee-house keeper.

Such confidence in man is safe in the East ; would it be in the West, in so remote and exposed a situation as this ? The Eastern treatment of the lower orders of creation, our dumb brethren, is one of the most creditable and redeeming features of their extremely mixed character. The prospect of a patriarchal age for those storks is, therefore, excellent.

But our Jehu, after twenty minutes' stoppage, evidently becomes impatient, and points pleadingly with his whip to our Noah's ark, and off we start again.

The rest of our journey was made over the open plain of Broussa, which is fairly cultivated, but which in capable hands could produce any quantity of grain and cereals. The absence of trees, to a great extent, makes the landscape around monotonous; but towering in the distance is the lofty mountain range, with Olympus and his lesser brethren overlooking the plain; with Broussa and her smaller and younger sister, Chekerguey, nestling among the woods on the mountain slopes, each with its domed mosques and lofty minarets, and eccentric-looking houses of various colours.

Half an hour before reaching Broussa, diverging to the right, and mounting a steep hillside, the traveller reaches Chekerguey; which may be regarded as a kind of suburb of Broussa, but which possesses peculiar attractions of its own.

It was to Chekerguey we were bound, as the ferruginous sources burst out of the mountain side there, and the Hotel Vassilaki, or *Hôtel de Bithynie* as its signboard announces it, has been built just over the source of the largest of these springs. The Sulphur baths are midway between these two towns. In Broussa itself there are no springs or bath-houses.

The view of Broussa as you approach it is very unique; and the number and size of its mosques, and its houses rising tier above tier until culminating in the lofty heights of the old citadel—the acropolis—around which the better class of the Turkish population reside—all these produce a strong impression on the eye and mind of the stranger.

The plain of Broussa is watered by several small streams, dignified by the name of rivers, of which the Nilufar, near the city, is the largest. It actually requires bridges in two places, although not very large ones, and is most useful for purposes of irrigation.

Water, however, is abundant in the vicinity, springs breaking out from the hillsides everywhere, fed by the melting snows of the mountains.

As we passed up the hill to Chekerguey, we witnessed an open-air performance of native players, who were enacting some amusing scenes of domestic life, to judge from the pantomime; and the dialogue must have been funny, for the audience was uproarious in its merriment. As it would shock Eastern prejudices to witness performances by women in public, men dressed up in female robes had to represent imperfectly the fair sex.

These theatricals took place every Sunday at this particular spot, under the shade of a gigantic plane-tree. There is no fee for admission, or rather for witnessing the performance, but a contribution is taken up after each act. Women (of course veiled) attend the performances as well as men. The women of the higher class go in their carriages, from which they do not descend, but sit in them to witness the performance.

It has quite a Hyde-Park look, on a small scale, to see the carriages drawn up in rows on the roadside. But the fair inmates, closely veiled, do not keep up the illusion. The women of the lower class assemble in great numbers, sitting or squatting on the grass, in bright raiment, on the neighbouring hillsides, with their children sporting round them.

The isolation of woman seems to have been far less a feature of Eastern life with the primitive Turk or Turcoman, than with his descendants. It, as well as the institution of the Eunuchs, and others regarded as peculiarly Turkish, were really derived and copied from the Byzantines, after their conquest by Mahomet II.

The Turks proved facile scholars in adopting the social depravities of the nominal Christians of the city of Constantine.

But having reached our haven, the new Hotel of Vassilaki at Chekerguey, a wooden building painted blue, with a pretty little garden leading into it, we shall "smoke the chibouque of content-

ment on the divan of repose," until the dinner-bell summons us to repair the ravages of our journey; reserving the sights of Broussa for the next day.

The Hotel is charmingly situated on the side of one of the mountain ranges, of which Mount Olympus is the summit.

Before returning for the night, we opened a window in our bedroom, and saw, bathed in soft moonlight, the rugged mountain range and the picturesque houses crouching under its shadows, which constitute the village of Chekerguey. In the hushed stillness of the night, the only sounds we heard were the murmuring babble of the mountain brooks in the distance, and the sweet trilling of the nightingales, which make this place their special haunt in spring-time.

In contrast with the never-ceasing noises of Pera, which had disturbed our rest only the preceding night, the quietude and hushed calm of this mountain region fell like balm on our wearied souls and shaken nerves; and we felt in

its full force, the trite saying, that "God made the country, and man made the town." With hearts full of thankfulness, therefore, to the Great Giver of all blessings, we composed our minds and bodies to rest, as tranquilly, in these remote wilds of Asia Minor, as though we were sojourning in the midst of Western civilization, with all its precautions and safeguards for security of person and property, and felt content that we had made our pilgrimage to these pleasant places.

## CHAPTER XII.

At Chekerguey and the Hot Baths—The Nightingales on the Mountain-side—The Early History of Broussa—Hannibal in Exile, and Pliny the younger Governor there—His Letters to the Roman Emperor—The Baths, what they are, and how to take them.

At Vassilaki's hostelry on the mountain-side, near Broussa, peace and quiet reign supreme during the cool fresh nights of the month of May, when our first acquaintance with it was made. The only sound that breaks the silence is the chant of the innumerable nightingales, which make their home on the slopes of Mount Olympus, and haunt the wonderful rose garden of Vassilaki's, adjacent to the hotel, where the Eastern fable of the bulbul singing to the rose is verified.

From the going down of the sun until long

after midnight, you hear from grove, garden and thicket, the peculiar trilling note of these world-renowned melodists, which may have suggested Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," for they seem to re-echo them. Here, also, the greatest of the Greek dramatists may have found, on this very spot, the inspiration of those verses, so poetically rendered by that many-sided genius the late Lord Lytton, in his unappreciated "History of Athens," when quoting from the "Œdipus," he thus translates :—

> Where ever and aye, through the greenest vale,
> Gush the wailing notes of the nightingale;
> From his home, where the dark-hued ivy weaves,
> With the grove of the god, a night of leaves.

The sadness underlying the melody of the nightingale, singing "in shadiest covert hid," dwelt on by the old Greek poet, still lingers in its cadences, as they fall on foreign ears, on the slopes of Mount Olympus, in these degenerate modern days. At sunrise we arise, refreshed and invigorated, and slipping on our dressing-gowns,

descend to the basement of the building, where marble baths, into which bubble the hot ferruginous waters from the sources a little higher up the mountain, with abundant Turkish *peignoirs* and towels (made at Broussa, and fleecy as sheepskins), await you; with nimble Greek attendants, male and female.

You have the choice of taking your bath *à la Turca* or *à la Franca,* in private bath-room, or in public swimming bath, a large circular tank under a vaulted glass dome; in an adjoining building you can also take your choice between mineral waters, ferruginous or sulphurous, and plain water, hot or cold. But for the sulphurous you must go to other baths than Vassilaki's, his spring being ferruginous only.

Like the sources at Wiesbaden, and at Vichy and elsewhere, the mineral springs of Broussa are so heated by the earth's hidden interior furnaces, that baths for the human body must be prepared the evening preceding their morning use, to prevent scalding; for they issue forth from the bowels

of the earth at a boiling temperature, and require at least twelve hours' exposure to the outer atmosphere before being fit for use. Even then, cold water has sometimes to be added, to make them suitable for (physically) very thin-skinned people. Unlike the waters of Wiesbaden or Vichy, however, neither the ferruginous nor the sulphurous waters of Broussa are used internally; although there are other mineral springs for drinking, and especially one sparkling mineral water, very like the famous Apollinaris both in its taste and qualities, highly effervescent when fresh, and much approved of by connoisseurs on the spot; although I do not know that it has ever been made an article of exportation to any point remoter than Constantinople. But judicious advertising, and the modern science of puffing, have not yet penetrated into these remote Asiatic haunts, where the footprints of the great god Pan are still to be traced; and his sylvan habitudes have not yet been exchanged for the tricks of modern Mercurius, patron of thieves, or

traders! The day will come, however, when Broussa will be made a modernized bathing and watering place, with all the latest innovations and improvements; and then its Apollinaris will be "rubric on the wălls" of London and Paris, and quaffed as thirstily in the clubs as its elder sister from Hungary is to-day.

In the old Greek Anthology are to be found some verses in honour of the baths of Broussa, in which they are termed Θαγμα Βασιλεια (Royal Baths), indicating their use and celebrity as far back as the period when Broussa was ruled by her kings or chieftains, and when the famous Hannibal was a refugee and exile there.

In the year 103 A.D., Pliny the younger, who had been made Governor of Ancient Broussa, or the Province of Bithynia, by Trajan, wrote two letters to the Emperor, fortunately preserved, which show his solicitude for, and interest in, the baths and people there.

From those letters, written "from my apart-

ment at Prusa, at the foot of the Olympus," the following extracts are translated :—

"For the moment," he writes, "I am occupied with an examination into the administration of the town, its revenues and expenditures, and resources, as well as its debts. The necessity of such researches has proved itself by the result. Individuals owe large sums to the city, which, under various pretexts, they evade the payment of. The public moneys are also badly administered. On the 17th September I entered into the control of the Province, and was pleased to see the perfect obedience of the people to all your Royal commands."

The Emperor's reply has also been preserved. In it he says: "The inhabitants of the Province of Bithynia may rest assured that I take a deep interest in their welfare; and one of the highest proofs of my goodwill has been sending you as my representative there." He approves of the suggestions and recommendations made by Pliny, and urges him to continue the work so well begun.

In a subsequent letter, Pliny writes, suggesting reparations and improvements to the bath-houses, which were greatly dilapidated; amending his first proposal by another, that the baths should be entirely rebuilt, having on hand sufficient funds for the purpose from unpaid dues from the citizens. "One part of these dues can be appropriated to building, the other devoted to the purchase of the oil required for the use of the bathers, for which latter also the citizens have agreed to contribute."

The Emperor gives the required permission, but on condition that "no new tax should be laid on the people therefor, nor money appropriated to other sources, withdrawn from its legitimate use." Profiting by this permission, Pliny secured another and better site, on which was an old palace in ruins, and erected there five new bath-houses. Pliny's governorship lasted but eighteen months, but he left his mark there.

Divesting yourself of your light drapery, which you deposit on a divan running on the side of the wall near the bath, you plunge into a large marble

tub (supplied with a brass cock to turn on more of the hot water should it be needed), and observe that the piece of muslin attached to the nozzle of the cock to keep out insects and impurities, is stained red by the iron water in which you are wallowing with the self-contentment of a rhinoceros. There is no perceptible odour arising from the water; which is, also to your surprise, extremely clear, with no apparent sediment or foreign substances held in solution. Yet the analyses which have been made at various times by different chemists of different nationalities, all prove the existence of such foreign mineral substances in this water, which is chiefly ferruginous, although the small quantity presented by analysis would seem insufficient to produce curative effects, which for ages have attended its use. This has long been a puzzle to the professors of the healing art of all nationalities, and will probably continue to be; for the experience of mankind must ever outweigh scientific explorations and deductions, however learnedly set forth.

And here at Broussa, for many centuries, the halt, the lame, the diseased, have come in crowds on a health pilgrimage, and gone away, in most instances, either completely cured or with their sufferings greatly alleviated; especially when the malady was rheumatism, bronchitis, neuralgia, of the internal organs, or of the skin. The only medical treatise on the subject procurable at Constantinople, or at Broussa, concerning the thermal springs and the cure, is a thin pamphlet, in French, prepared by Dr. Rozycki, for several years a practitioner at Broussa, based on a previous paper by Professor Bernard, a Frenchman. This was published in 1872, since which period great changes have taken place at Broussa, in as far as comfort and cleanliness of the bath-houses are concerned, and the accommodation offered to visitors, both in reaching and residing at the springs.

The Imperial School of Medicine, established long ago at Constantinople, as well as the foreign physicians practising there (amongst whom are

several exceedingly clever and well-informed medical men of various nationalities), are entirely ignorant of, and prejudiced against the healing virtues of Broussa baths, and send their patients there, as it were, under protest, with the scarcely reassuring observation to the invalid: "Well, the air of Broussa is very salubrious, even if the waters do you no good." *Per contra*, they are highly eulogistic as to the baths of Hercules-bad, at Mehadia, not far from Bucharest, which are nearly as primitive in their arrangements, and twice as expensive, both to reach and reside at, as their nearer rival at Broussa.

But as the poet justly declared, long, long ago:

A man's best things lie nearest him,
Lie close about his feet;
It is the distant and the strange
We wander forth to meet.

The ruins of the ancient baths, established at Broussa by the Greeks and Romans, attest the value which they set on those healing springs, when they were the favourite resort of their patricians,

as well as the common people. Constantly, in digging down into the earth for roadway and other improvements, the labourers expose the buried ruins of stately edifices, and great baths; and among this *débris* has been found an incomplete inscription, with the name of Vespasian, Roman Emperor, and a colossal Gorgon's head in marble, its huge mouth open wide, through which originally must have flowed the healing waters for a Royal bath. For, even better than ourselves, the ancient Greeks and Romans appreciated the blessing of the bath, for the retention of healthy spirits in the healthy body; or the curative qualities of mineral waters, made ready for the use of man by Nature in her secret laboratory.

The Roman patrician resorted as regularly to Baiæ, on the smiling Gulf of Campania, as the modern swell to Nice, Vichy, or Carlsbad; and with the Greek the bath was as much a part of religion as it is with the high Turk to-day.

But the ruins of Broussa alone attest this past

luxury and magnificence. What remains intact to-day is of Turkish construction; and later of Greco-European—Broussa having been the earliest seat of the Ottoman Sultans six centuries ago, from whence they swooped down on Byzantium, and wrested that lovely city from the Byzantines, and Christendom.

The springs may roughly be denominated as either impregnated with sulphur or with iron, though other elements enter into their composition. The sulphurous have two separate sources in the heart of the mountains, supplying the baths of Buyuk, and of Kutchuk Kukurthi, and of Yeni-Kapidja and Kynardja. The iron springs have also two separate sources; that which supplies the baths (Turkish) of Mustapha, and that which Greek ingenuity and industry have made tributary to the hotel and baths of our friend Vassilaki, at Chekerguey. These form springs all flowing out on the western side of Mount Olympus, called Kalabak-Dadri, whose geological formation is of tertiary chalk.

The height of the Chekerguey baths above the level of the plain of Broussa, is about 150 metres. Not only do these mineral springs furnish abundantly water for the numerous bathing establishments, public and private, inside and outside the city of 60,000 inhabitants, exclusive of visitors; but they supply the rivers of the plain in conjunction with the melted snows of Olympus, rendering those streams frequently impassable without bridges, of which there are several on the plain below. It is, however, a curious and well-attested fact, that since the memorable earthquake of 1855, the mineral waters of Broussa have undergone great chemical changes, as subsequent analyses have proved, when compared with the previous ones. The most reliable analysis of the water was furnished by a remarkable man, an old resident of, and landed proprietor at Broussa, Dr. Zohrab Bey, who had figured largely in Egyptian politics under every Egyptian Viceroy, from Mehemet Ali down to the deposed Ismail. He died in October, 1882,

an octogenarian, apparently in full vigour of mind and body, of a sudden heart-spasm; and his memoirs would have given the most curious chronicle of the secret history of the Egyptian and Turkish Courts, ever furnished by tongue or pen. He obtained the analyses from Gastinel Bey, a well-known French chemist long resident in Cairo. I subjoin his analyses:—

NO. 1, D'APRÈS GASTINEL BEY.

| | 1 Litre. |
|---|---|
| D'eau contient | |
| Gaz acide sulfhydrique | |
| grams | 0·0012 |
| ,, ,, carbonique . | 0·1025 |
| | 0·1037 |
| Bicarbonate de chaux . | 0·555 |
| Chlorure de sodium . | 0·0850 |
| ,, ,, magnesium . | 0·0350 |
| Sulfate de soude . . | 0·2755 |
| ,, ,, alumine . | 0·0150 |
| ,, ,, chaux . . | 0·0255 |
| Bicarbonate de fer teras materis organique agot . . . | 0·0215 |
| | 0·6167 |
| Température 75 C. | |
| Densité . . . | 1·0003 |

Analysis of Sulphur Waters.

NO. 2, D'APRÈS GASTINEL BEY.

| | 1 Litre. |
|---|---|
| D'eau contient | |
| Gaz acide carbonique gram. . . . | 0·0725. |
| Bicarbonate de chaux. | 0·0020. |
| ,, de soude . | 0·0550. |
| ,, de fer. . | 0·1040. |
| Sulfate de soude. . | 0·0035. |
| ,, de magnesii . | 0·0025. |
| ,, de chaux. . | 0·0001. |
| Chlorure de sodium . | 0·0020. |
| ,, silica . | 0·0150. |
| Matéries organique . | 0·0400. |
| Total. | 0·2966. |

No. 2 of the Iron Waters Analysis.

The waters of Kukurthu emerge from the soil as if violently expelled by some internal force, throwing off bubbles of gas at a temperature of 81–82° centigrade. Before cooling there is a slight taste perceptible; after cooling, none distinguishable from common water. Left undisturbed for several hours, it becomes covered with a thin yellow incrustation. The vapour which arises from it, on issuing from the source, has a strong sulphurous smell. The mud, covered with the same incrustation, is medicinally used with good effect; as in Germany and Hungary. The springs of Kaplidja possess the same peculiarities; the temperature is from 85–86° centigrade.

The source of the iron water of Chekerguey is not positively known; but near the Hotel Vassilaki there exists a small basin, walled in with brick and covered with a cupola, into which the water is conveyed by pipes from the southern and western sides of the mountain, constructed when and by whom nobody knows, and precisely from what points is equally unknown.

From the centre of the cupola, which has a hole opened in it, the gas escapes freely. It has a tacquim, or distributing point, for the two springs, from which the neighbouring baths and private houses can be supplied. This hot water is entirely devoid of taste and smell, and is like ordinary water when cold. The temperature of this water in the basin is 47 to 48° centigrade.

Dr. Rozycki says: "We cannot explain the efficacy of these waters through chemical analysis, being so poor in gaseous or fixed matters"; but the results are incontestible. *Me ipso teste.*

The doctors differ as to the curative qualities of these baths; for, whereas Dr. Bernard considers them as specifics for almost all ills that flesh is heir to, Dr. Rozycki limits their beneficial use to chronic and rheumatic affections chiefly; the Yeni-Kaplidja being the only one ever used internally. Certain it is, however, that almost miraculous cures are and have been long made at Broussa, in long-standing, as well as acute, attacks of rheumatism, neuralgia, throat affections, and

even paralysis; while the purity of the air, and loveliness of the surrounding scenery, add immensely to the healing properties of the waters."

Formerly, when the culture of rice was common in the flats below Broussa, miasmatic fevers prevailed; but since the culture has been discontinued for the more profitable one of grains and the silk-worm, and those marshy places drained, there is nothing to create miasma and fever; although wiseacres, medical and civilian, at Constantinople, will gravely warn you against the dangers of sojourning in a place, much cleaner, and in every way much less exposed to malarious influences, than unsavoury Pera and Galata, whose sewerage "smells to heaven"; Therapia and Buyûkdere, high up the Bosphorus, where there is a perpetual dampness, surpassing that of London in the autumn, or Dublin when the "soft weather" sets in. People who live in Broussa all the year round enjoy robust health; and the Russian Vice-Consul there, Mr. Perdicaris, who has wintered and summered it for thirty years,

with his snowy beard, is as vigorous a sexagenarian as could be found in any country, East or West. Dr. Rozycki (unprejudiced, since he has long since left the place) combats this absurd prejudice, and shows the folly of crowding into two months all visitors to the baths, leaving them for the residue of the year; insisting that, at all seasons of the year a residence at Broussa will be both pleasant and profitable for those suffering from illness or weariness of body or mind.

As early as the year 797 of our era the visit of the Greek Emperor Constantine Porphorigenitus, with his Queen Theodora, is recorded in the annals of Broussa, *long before it fell into* the hands of the Infidel; as also, later, *that of* Solyman the Magnificent, *who came there to* restore his health, shattered *by the cares of* State at Stamboul, and whose prayers were — listened to by the Naiads of Olympus, though made in an alien and barbarous tongue.

But it is high time for us to get out of the bath, in which we have been steaming ourselves

while indulging in these facts and fancies and retrospections; from twenty minutes to half an hour being considered "the correct tip" by those who know, or ought to know, the *modus operandi* of the baths.

Wrapping yourself in a Turkish *peignoir*, after scrubbing dry with towels like eider down, the boast of Broussa handiwork, you recline languidly on the divan for half an hour, taking a nap if so disposed; since a soft languor takes possession of your brain, body, and members.

After emerging and drying yourself, you take a brisk walk on the mountain slopes, or into the smiling valley, and you feel "born over again," and ready for the pilaff and kibabs of the Oriental cuisine. This is the Frank or European phase of the bath, but there are numerous Turkish ones, which are to be had for the asking.

The latter are old establishments, built and used on the Turkish plan, with their mosque-like cupolas, with bits of coloured glass inlaid, to admit and soften the light at the same time, as

in the Turkish Hammams everywhere, of which in Europe you probably see the best imitation at Bray, near Dublin, and at Jermyn Street, London.

Those at Bray may have been "boycotted," or "home-ruled" out of existence, since I disported myself in them, many years ago. The bath of Yeni-Kaplidja, embellished by the daughter of Sultan Suleyman, is one of the oldest and finest. It is composed of a small village of baths, all sulphurous. Buyuk-Kukudle is another. It is on the alleged site of the martyrdom of St. Patricius, Bishop of Broussa in the reign of Diocletian, martyred for refusing to sacrifice to "false gods." After boiling him in the hot spring, they cut his head off.

This event is still celebrated, as a church festival, by the Greeks, on the 19th May (O.S.)

The iron baths of Eski-Kaplidja were founded by the Emperor Justinian, and enlarged by Sultan Momoud I. An ancient Greek inscription may still be deciphered on the marble slab at the

bottom of the chief basin. In the Turkish baths, separate arrangements were not made for women; originally, they were excluded.

Later, they were allowed to visit baths at certain hours of the day, when men were excluded; and then a day was allowed them (Friday) when, as in all Turkish cities, they had exclusive possession, and made a day of it.

At the Turkish baths you find the hammamdjis, or bath attendants, male and female, who will put you through a course of soap-lathering, shampooing, joint-cracking, &c., &c., in approved Eastern style; but at Vassilaki's, the private baths are managed on the European plan, for male and female, with the exception of the great steaming swimming bath, in the part of the hotel much used by the Armenian and Greek population of Broussa and Chekerguey. Shortly after taking your bath, an irresistible drowsiness takes possession of you, to which it is well to give way; but you rise like a giant refreshed after this indulgence, and during the remainder of the day

feel no lassitude or weariness, as is often the case after the ordinary warm bath.

That the medical faculty of Europe, which has paid so much attention of late years to climatic and mineral water cures, as numerous books on those subjects attest, should so long have neglected the peculiar claims of Broussa, renowned from remote antiquity for the healing qualities of its baths, and blessed with a balmy and healthy climate, is indeed remarkable; but appears less so, when we consider the fact, that the doctors at her very door continue contemptuously to depreciate this Asiatic spa, in spite of the concurrent testimony of the hundreds of visitors annually returning thence, cured of their maladies, to Constantinople.

The cures, so fashionable in Germany and Switzerland—the grape and milk cures—can also be essayed under exceptional advantages at Broussa and Chekerguey; for there is an abundance of fresh milk to be had there, cows being very numerous, and the grape one of the chief

products of the neighbourhood. Wine is made one of the chief articles of commerce of the country, and the cultivation of the vine one of the chief industries. To reach Broussa from London or Paris, requires but little time and little fatigue, and a slender purse can easily compass it. The fastest mode of reaching Constantinople is by the Eastern Express, *viâ* Varna, four days from London, and three from Paris. But you pay handsomely for this accelerated rate of travel, the fares amounting to £25 from London, with extras in the shape of fees, food, &c., &c., to the tune of about £5 additional. By taking the Messageries steamer from Marseilles, however, which makes the transit in six days, you may get to Constantinople at a cost not exceeding £20, and by the slower English screw steamers from London, for £12 to £15. The fare to Broussa from Constantinople can be covered by £1. The hotel rates are more reasonable than those in the latter city.

Monthly rates at Vassilaki's, baths included,

are £15 (Turkish) for each person per month, or 15 francs per day for transients; this includes table-d'hôte — an excellent one—with wine; early morning tea and bread; and *déjeûner à la fourchette* at mid-day. Fruit and vegetables are abundant and good, and in great variety: the native wines, white and red, are far healthier than the sour *vin ordinaire* of France which generally is served at the foreign tables-d'hôte, or the sweet wines of Sicily or Greece, served at Constantinople.

The white wine of Broussa, manufactured there by a French resident, who learned his art in France, fully equals the lighter Rhenish wines, and may readily be mistaken for them, even by a connoisseur. The natives put resin in the wine they manufacture to preserve it, and thus give it an astringent and peculiar taste. The Frenchman referred to, resorts to no such methods. His is pure juice of the grape, and I am told will bear exportation. The heavy duties and drawbacks imposed by the local Government, and

taxation of the Customs House regulations, have hitherto prevented an expansion of his trade in this direction; although he annually exports several thousands of litres of his wine to France and England.

The British or American traveller, who has exhausted all the routes of the tourist laid down in Murray, Badecker, or Harper's guide-books; who yawns at all as dismally as Sir Charles Coldstream looking into Vesuvius, and finding "nothing in it"—and, Alexander-like, sighs for "new worlds to conquer," can find a new one at Chekerguey, under the hospitable roof of Vassilaki, within six days reach of London. A glimpse of the snow-crowned head of Mount Olympus and the smiling plain of Broussa, were well worth the time and trouble, and the money consumed in reaching them. As the Turks say, "Bakaloum"—we shall see!

The former medical adviser at the baths, Dr. Rozycki, previously quoted, makes some practical suggestions in reference to the use of these

baths, and the seasons at which they may be advantageously taken, which may be valuable to those who propose visiting them for their curative qualities, and not as mere pleasure seekers. He says, "In the second half of September, in October and in November, the baths are again much frequented, both by visitors for pleasure and those for health. During winter there are no visitors from abroad, and the baths are deserted, except by the poorer classes, who avail themselves of the cheap season—all prices being then greatly reduced. I readily concede that the baths may be more efficacious in the month of May, since it is not the healing effects of the waters alone which produce the cure; for the accessories of climate, scenery and lively companionship strengthen the system in throwing off material and physical troubles, and revive the organization with a new life. But I cannot agree with those who insist that the baths are efficacious at that season only. For we observe that in Europe mineral baths, analogous to those at

Broussa, are now prescribed by eminent physicians at all seasons of the year; and as the winter is shorter and less rigorous in the East than in the West, there is every reason to give the preference to Broussa, where the climate is mild and the winter short. For rheumatic affections, certainly the warmer season is the best. But in many other maladies this is not the case; and the baths may advantageously be used at all periods of the year." This is the judgment of an expert, and the result of experience, and the expenses of a sojourn at Broussa are greatly less in winter than in spring. The Doctor warns all who come for the cure of some malady, to be careful not to take the baths of any description, on the advice either of friends or of the hammamdjis (or bathmen), since cases are often aggravated by their improper application, and bad made worse. Although there is no regular doctor attached to the baths, as in several of the more celebrated European ones, yet there are clever local practitioners, French

and Greek, and even doctors from Constantinople occasionally, who can be safely consulted.

Powerful for good as these baths certainly are, when properly administered, they may be made equally powerful for evil, when injudiciously used; especially the sulphur baths, which are much stronger than the iron. Hence the visitor to Broussa would do wisely to take heed of the doctor's cautions, as above given.

## CHAPTER XIII.

The City of Broussa as it was, and as it is—The Turcoman at Home—Five first Sultans buried there—Splendid Tombs—Some Incidents of the Early History of the Turcoman Invasion, and first Sultans—Visits to some wonderful Mosques and Tombs.

VISITING mosques and Turkish tombs is usually a very stereotyped affair throughout the East; but at Broussa it is exceptional.

In the first place, the drive through the old city, the Orientalism of which has not been marred by any foreign intermixture or control, and which remains perfectly primitive still, is full of interest and novelty.

You see the Turcoman there at home, almost as he issued from his native wilds, before diplomacy and foreign contact had contaminated the rugged honesty and industry which formed the

basis of his original character. He is here a hard-working, sober drudge; frugal, requiring nothing but a few comforts in the shape of warm clothing, plain food, rugs, and a place to sleep in, generally with most of his clothes on, the strings of which he loosens without taking them off.

His sole luxuries are coffee and tobacco of the coarsest kind, both of which can be had cheaply, of the quality which satisfies him.

The costumes of the peasantry from the surrounding country are curious and picturesque, though of coarse material; and the hideous Stambouli or imitation Frank dress, has not been adopted by the Asiatic Mohammedans, or by the Greek and Armenian Rayah, or native Christian, born and dwelling among them.

The houses of the city of Broussa are old and tumbledown-looking, but swarming with inmates, and the streets by no means "ways of pleasantness,"—narrow, crooked, and paved with stones, with only occasional side-walks. The bazaars are extensive, but not comparable in any respect to

those in Stamboul; although curious old things, and very fine old carpets, can be picked up there by experts.

The dress of the men is both comfortable and practical; they are clad in baggy breeches of coarse woollen serge of a snuff colour, covering half the leg, and supplemented by coarse woollen stockings and heavy shoes; the jacket, of the same material, over an under-vest of some bright colour; around the loins a broad sash of woollen or silken stuff is wound in heavy folds, much broader than that worn at Constantinople, being half a yard wide.

Even in the hottest weather this sash is not discarded, although it might seem superfluous; but its sanitary virtues are firmly believed in by the natives, who throughout the East reverse our commonly-received ideas on these subjects, such as keeping the head cool and the feet warm; for he sleeps usually with his head muffled up and his feet uncovered; as you may observe on the highways and the byways as well as in the houses.

It was in 1326 that Osman, the founder of the dynasty, whose name has been made typical of a race, terminated his long and successful career, dying to the music of his son's victory, which crowned his own life-work.

"Allah! Allah!" he cried, "I die, or rather I fall asleep, lulled by the report of my son's glorious victory."

To that son (Orkhan), who came to Sugut, where his father was lying, he said, placing his feeble hands in benediction on the victor's head:

"I leave the earth without regret, because I leave a successor such as you. Be good, clement, protect your subjects, and extend the religion of the Prophet. Allah alone is Allah, and Mohammed is his messenger."

For the succeeding hundred and twenty-six years, until the capture of Byzantium, the first six successors of Osman walked in the footsteps of their progenitor, until they despoiled the Byzantine Empire of all its territory, save Byzantium

with its millions of inhabitants, with Lesbos, Achaia, and the Morea.

All the rest gravitated into Turkish hands, which firmly retained what they had seized.

During all this period the seat of the early Turkish Empire was first at Broussa, and afterwards at Adrianople.

Broussa and its environs offer a series of most interesting excursions to the sites of the earliest history of the Ottoman race, under their first Sultans, whose resting-places and tombs are there to be seen ; and in the beauty of its mosques has no rival, even in Constantinople.

For here was the cradle of the great Ottoman Empire, commencing with a few hundred Turcoman shepherds, who wandered into Bithynia, and settled down at the foot of the western branch of Mount Olympus, under the leadership of Ertogrhul, the father of Othman, the reputed founder of the dynasty, which yet bears his name. The son, more enterprising than the father, enlarged his territory by raids on his neighbours, and

annexed many provinces of the Byzantine Empire, then commencing to totter to its fall.

It is recorded, that some of those neighbours thus despoiled, complained to the captain of Bala Hissar, that "the Turks, who not many years before had been received in pity, as poor herdsmen, into the country, were now beginning to take violent possession of the ancient lands of the Christians; and besought him, as their common superior, to expel these unthankful, encroaching, and merciless strangers out of the country."

It was not in their dreams to imagine that, in the course of a century and a half later, the encroachments of these Turcoman strangers would seat the descendant of their barbarous ruler on the throne of the Byzantine Emperors at Constantinople, and make them absolute masters of all Asia Minor, but a little later. The growth of nationalities or of empires can afford few, if any instances of such sudden and portentous expansion as this.

Othman, or Osman, early in the thirteenth century, first assumed the attributes of sovereignty; having until that time acknowledged himself the tributary of the Sultan of Roum, at Iconium.

Pushing his conquests to the shores of the Black Sea, he finally turned his covetous eyes on Broussa, then under Byzantine dominion, and, after a siege as long as the fabled one of Troy, that city succumbed to the Turcomen, under the lead of Orkhan, the son of Osman, while the latter was on his deathbed. By his own request Osman was buried there, under the cathedral subsequently called *Daoud Monastir*, the first of his line, afterwards destined to be so long, so powerful, and so enduring.

It has justly been said by a recent writer:—"The founder of the Ottoman dynasty bequeathed to his successors a great name, and a sovereignty extending over the greater part of Asia Minor, with an army which, composed originally of only 416 horsemen, had increased

to the number of 6,000 warriors. Of personal property he left wonderfully little. It is curious to recall the catalogue of his possessions. He left neither gold nor silver; only a spoon, a salt-cellar, an embroidered caftan, and a new turban; some flags in red muslin, a stable full of excellent horses, some yokes of oxen for the labour of the field, and choice flocks of sheep—the ancestors of the Imperial flocks which now feed at the foot of Mount Olympus."

Long before the actual fall of the Byzantine Empire by the capture of Constantinople in 1453, the latest Emperors were in reality no more than the vassals of the Sultans. As early as 1395 Bajazet summoned Manuel Paleologos to deliver up Constantinople, in these memorable words:—"By the favour of Allah, my invincible cimetar has reduced to obedience almost all of Asia, and a portion of Europe. To you there remains only your capital. Surrender it speedily into my hands, or tremble for yourself and your unfortunate people."

The Byzantine Emperor bought off Bajazet on this occasion by a shameful treaty, in which he agreed to pay a heavy tribute, establish a mosque at Constantinople, and sanction the appointment of a Turkish judge (Cadi) to settle all disputes between Mussulmans. Even this did not ensure protection; for but a few years later Bajazet had invested the city with a large army, and was starving it into surrender, when Timour the Tartar, the scourge of Asia, invaded his dominions, and called him back to defend his own capital. History has recorded the result of that conflict, and the iron cage in which the victorious Tartar exhibited his prisoner, who died in captivity, but whose tomb is one of the shows of Broussa.

Next to Smyrna, Broussa is the largest town in Asia Minor, and bids fair to grow much larger, through the double impulsion of internal improvements and emigration, chiefly from Bulgaria and the provinces recently passing under Christian from Moslem domination. The Bul-

garian refugees especially have proved a very valuable accession to the population ; being a very industrious, clever, and thrifty people, addicted to mechanical and agricultural pursuits. They have introduced the rose culture, and the products of the rose, which industries they have brought from their former home.

The native population seems an equally steady and industrious one, the great majority being Turkish, with an admixture of Rayah Greeks and Armenians.

The population of Broussa is variously estimated at from 40,000 to 60,000; but, as the census is not a Turkish institution, it is difficult to fix the precise number of inhabitants. Small villages are scattered all over the plain ; and seven colonies of these refugees, numbering many thousands, have been comfortably provided for by the Sultan, who sympathises very warmly with his co-religionists in their conflict of faith on the Balkan Peninsula.

The slopes of Olympus are covered with

mulberry-trees, from which are fed the silkworms, from whose cocoons the famous Broussa silks are manufactured.

From Vassilaki's Hotel at Chekerguey it is an easy drive of half an hour, over a good road, to Broussa; and several days may be pleasantly spent in visiting its mosques, and in making excursions in the neighbourhood. There are said to be about 150 mosques in all, about twenty-five of which are in a state of dilapidation. The church funds throughout the East are being perpetually increased by donations from pious persons, in the shape of legacies and gifts. Among these mosques are many *ci-devant* Christian churches, which, by the addition of a minaret, and an Imaum to make the daily call from it, and the affixing of a crescent instead of a cross, are made to do service for the worship of the Moslem in place of the Christian. The round dome of the mosques was borrowed in imitation from the early Christian churches. The only large mosque at Chekerguey is that

of Sultan Murad (Ghazi Unkiar Jamise—the Mosque of the Conqueror). Unlike the other mosques, it is two stories high, and its architecture the Gothic of the thirteenth century. The capitals are Byzantine, and the mouldings decorated with vine and fig leaves. Shaded by lofty plane-trees, but for its minaret it would readily be mistaken for a mediæval Christian church. The view from the parapet in front—where there is a small kiosk for the accommodation of visitors—is superb. The whole plain of Broussa lies spread out below, and the city of Broussa is also distinctly visible. The tombs resemble small mosques, minus the minarets, and the faithful go to pray there.

You enter a door guarded by a holy man, to whom you present "baksheesh," and he shows you the tomb, which is of marble, on which Turkish characters are engraved in gold.

Costly Cashmere shawls are thrown over the marble, and copies of the Koran, richly illuminated, are deposited in a box at the head of

the tombstone. The wives, and other members of the family, are often placed near the chief tomb. In some of these mortuary chapels the ornamentation of the walls and roof is very elaborate and beautiful.

The eight tombs of the first Sultans are all within the same enclosure, on the western side of the city. The largest, that of Murad I., who died in 1389 A.D., and of the daughter of Bajazet, have a place among the other Royalties.

The tombs or chapels are of different shapes—octagonal, hexagonal, or square. Mollahs, or priests, have charge of them, and they are resorted to by Moslem women as places of prayer.

The mosques at Broussa are exceptionally interesting, not only for their antiquity, and for the associations which cluster around them, but also for their unique character, and exquisite internal ornamentation in the old Saracenic style. Several of these mosques have their walls lined with the most wonderful tiles—green, blue, and variegated—and the architectural designs are as graceful as

they are thoroughly ornamental. The largest mosque in the centre of the city is the Oulou Jami. It offers the curious feature, as you enter the central court, of an open-air space like that of the ancient Roman "*impluvium*," with a large round water-tank filled with fish, just below it.

It is a square building, measuring 300 feet each way, divided into twenty-eight compartments, over each of which, except the centre, there is a small separate dome. It towers above all the surrounding buildings, and dominates over the whole lower town, forming a conspicuous feature of the view of the city, from any point in the distance.

The walls are adorned with rare and beautiful tiles, and with gilded inscriptions from the Koran. What we would term the pulpit in a Christian church, is of oak, richly carved with rare and strange devices. The gem of Broussa in the way of mosques is the "Yeshil Jami" (green mosque), so called because cupola and minaret

are of an enamelled green. No more perfect specimen of Moslem art exists anywhere in the East, for the walls of the interior are lined with the most splendid specimens of tiles of enamelled faïence, and its architectural beauty cannot be surpassed. The fairy-like frostwork of the carvings, around and over the chief door of entrance, rival the finest specimens of Saracenic or Moorish art.

A friend, who visited this mosque with us, and who had but recently returned from visiting the world-renowned Alhambra in Spain, declared that this door was almost the *fac-simile* of the celebrated door there, but superior, inasmuch as the ornamentation was in marble, while that of the Alhambra was in stucco. Standing under the vast central dome, and gazing around on those wonderful tiles which ornament the walls on every side, "the eye grows drunk with beauty." This mosque impresses the visitor even more than that of San Sophia, and is a pure specimen of Mussulman art in its highest flight.

Oddly enough, for the first time in my long Eastern experience, the guide who accompanied us through the mosque was a woman, instead of the usual mollah, or priest, to whom this duty is ordinarily assigned; and she received the "baksheesh" without the slightest hesitation from our Infidel hands. But a few years since this splendid specimen of ancient art was in a state of dilapidation and decay, from the combined work of earthquake and neglect; and its restoration is due to the enlightened zeal of a former Governor of Broussa, Ahmed Vefyk Pacha, who caused the accumulated rubbish to be removed, and necessary repairs made.

The finely-chiselled fountain in the centre, the beautiful pavements, and the other rare Arabic traceries covering the walls, were redeemed by his care from the wreck and ruin which had so long hidden them.

Outside this mosque you obtain one of the finest panoramic views of city and country—embracing mountain, plain, and Broussa itself,

bathed in the glowing hues of Eastern sunshine; nature rivalling art in the closest proximity, and vying with the other in arresting the voyager's eye and heart.

Few cities in the world have encountered or survived such a succession of disasters, as have fallen to the lot of Broussa.

Repeated invasions and occupations by various nationalities—Eastern and Western—fires and earthquakes, have shaken or burned down Broussa, and defaced its monuments; yet it has always arisen from its ashes, and is a cheerful-looking, thriving city to-day, for its locality. Of its hundred and five mosques, about one-fourth only are in ruins; the rest in good repair. The recent restoration of Broussa is due, in great part, to the energy and zeal of a very remarkable man, who was its Governor a few years ago; and afterwards, for forty-eight hours, Grand Vizier of the Turkish Empire, now living quietly in retirement on the banks of the Bosphorus—Ahmed Vefyk Pacha.

He found Broussa in a very dilapidated state, and the neighbourhood infested by brigands. It is to his administration that the extirpation of the brigands is due, as well as the improvement of the city, and restoration of its finest mosques.

This vilayet in Asia Minor is now free from the pest of brigandage, and person and property are more secure than even in the vicinity of Constantinople. He also developed the resources of the country by establishing good roads, and encouraging all industrial efforts on the part of the Christian, as well as of the Moslem community. To his fostering care is due the prosperity and usefulness of the Catholic orphanage and school at Broussa; and his charity to all creeds and classes, was bounded only by the limits of his resources. He was also a man of education and culture, in foreign languages and literature, as well as in his own. He translated into Turkish, and caused to be performed in a theatre, erected for the purpose, the plays of Molière, by native actors drilled by himself; and the ghost of

Molière may have marvelled at his own *Misanthrope* and *Avare* in Turkish, as exhibited here, speaking a tongue unknown to the genius who created them. That ancient theatre, when we saw it, had been converted into a granary; and food for the body monopolised the space once devoted to food for the Asiatic mind.

Like all reformers, Vefyk Pacha did not lack for enemies. Summoned to the presence of the Sultan, at Constantinople, to answer charges of mal-administration, preferred against him by these enemies, Vefyk Pacha so charmed the Ruler of Islam by his wit, and originality of thought and speech, that he was appointed Grand Vizier, and asked to make out his schedule of reforms for the government of the Ottoman Empire. Forty-eight hours after presentation of that schedule, he was precipitately displaced; so sweeping and radical were the reforms suggested, alarming the Imperial mind with the dread of revolution.

Vefyk Pacha is quite an original, and a philo-

sopher as well; but a few more men such as he and Rustem Pacha in the public service would revolutionize Turkish administration, in the best and healthiest manner possible: as Broussa and the Lebanon can attest. Many curious stories are told of Vefyk Pacha's peculiarities.

I have already spoken of the excellence of the roads to and around Broussa. They are kept in order by the system common throughout the East, each able-bodied man contributing a fixed number of days' labour upon them annually, without cash, to the local authorities; who simply send supervisors to see that the work is done as directed.

They seemed very contented labourers, and were all decently clad, and certainly were not over-working themselves; their "burnt-offerings" of tobacco rising incessantly to heaven, as they pecked at the small stones they were preparing for the macadamized roads. A more civil, quiet, and industrious population, whether in the city, the field, or on the road, than these men of Asia

Minor, it has never been my lot to see in any country; and the liberty accorded the women seems greater than that given them elsewhere in the East. They circulate freely about without guardians, in the streets and bazaars—veiled, of course—and every afternoon you see groups of them squatted on the hillsides, in their bright-coloured raiment, or witnessing the open-air theatricals already described.

One curious fact, illustrated by the historical remains of Broussa in imperishable stone and marble, is the part played by Turkish women in the early days of the Ottoman Empire. It is the general opinion, in which historians have shared, that woman in the East has ever been, and still is, "a soulless toy for tyrants' lust," as Byron pithily puts it in his poems. Yet some of the most enduring monuments at Broussa, surviving earthquake, war, and fire, which have devastated that place, are memorials to Turkish women, whose good deeds and memories still

Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

The river winding through the plain just below Chekerguey bears the name of Niloufer Khatoum, first wife of the Sultan Orkhan, who founded upwards of a hundred charitable institutions, and pious foundations at Broussa and elsewhere; and who is mentioned by Mussulman Chronicles as "a most pious and excellent Princess." Orkhan, doubtless, wearied of these excellences, and availed himself of the Mussulman privilege of four wives; since the same Chronicles tell us that the Princess passed the later days of her life in the quiet seclusion of an old castle at Nicea, where she died; and where her memory is still held in high veneration. Her example and virtues seem to have been hereditary; for her descendant, Seldjouk Khanum, a daughter of the famous Sultan Mahomet Tchelebi, built the bridge over the river bearing the name of her ancestress, which stands to-day, and added largely to her charitable foundations. The father of this lady erected costly tombs for his mother, and his sister Khondi Khatoum (the

learned), near his own, in commemoration of their virtues.

Seldjouk Khanum attained the great age of 101, another proof of the conservative effect of intellectual culture and mental activity; the Eastern woman ordinarily ageing very fast, from her usually torpid mode of life, and lack of intellectual activity. Many of the ancient baths also bear the names, and attest the care of the earlier Princesses who constructed them. The Yeni-Kaplidja, or Hot Sulphur Baths, were greatly improved by a daughter of Sultan Soliman the Great. In one of these almost boiling sulphur baths, in the reign of Diocletian, St. Patricius, refusing to sacrifice to the Roman gods at the temple of Æsculapius erected by the Pro-Consul, was beheaded, with several other martyrs, after having been parboiled in these hot springs, to cure them of their religious contumacy: but in vain. On the anniversary of this martyrdom (19th May) the Christians commemorate this event by a festival on the green hills

in the immediate vicinity, without let or hindrance from the Turks; who, like Gallio, "care for none of these things."

There are no Roman relics in Broussa, but in the thirteenth century the Byzantine Theodore Lascaris, despot of Broussa, walled round the acropolis, or citadel, which crowns the upper town, perched high up in the air, and which constitutes the Turkish quarter to-day. The ascent to it is a foretaste of that up Mount Olympus, on whose slope it is situated; but there is a tolerable carriage road up to it, for bad pedestrians and lazy people.

The citadel is still used for military purposes, and barracks. From the parade ground you look down from a great height upon the lower city; and still farther down upon the smiling plain of Broussa, resembling a gigantic chequer-board, with its diversified square patches of verdure of different shades, from different kinds of cultivation. It seems like a miniature Gibraltar; and yet, in spite of its frowning face, few cities have

been more often taken, or served so many successive masters of different nationalities, as Broussa has been forced to do in successive generations. In 1856, the earthquake shook down almost the whole town, and dilapidated mosques, never since repaired, still attest the severity of that visitation. Earlier, in 1801, it was devastated by terrible fires.

One remarkable Byzantine building remains—the ancient church—now the mosque of Daoud Monastir, originally dedicated by the Greeks to the Prophet Elijah. Of circular shape—perched on a high hill—it was converted by the victorious Turks into the tomb of their first Sultan, Orkhan, and the dome was then covered with silver.

To Bajazet might justly be applied the sobriquet given to the last of the Moorish kings of Spain, Boabdil, the unlucky, El Zogoybi—for ill fortune has haunted even his tomb. Constructed on a scale of great magnitude and grandeur, on the slope of Olympus, half a mile from Broussa, it now consists of an imposing group of dismantled

buildings, fast crumbling into utter ruin. These buildings comprised à mosque, a soup-kitchen for the poor, a mausoleum, a college, and an aqueduct, as well as a large hospital. His remains were brought back and deposited here. The soup-kitchen for the poor, rebuilt by Mourad II., is all that remains of this once superb mortuary memorial.

The wrath of God as well as of man has fallen on this stately pile, earthquakes having shattered and rent the roofs and walls.

The present Sultan, Abdul Hamid, has recently appropriated, from his own privy purse, the sum of four thousand pounds to restore these ancient edifices, a pious work, which to those who know the financial condition of the empire might seem somewhat superfluous.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Excursions around Broussa, and curious Sights to be seen—The Ascent of Mount Olympus—Impressions of Marshal von Moltke, and Account of his Visit to Broussa more than Half a Century ago.

THERE are good rides and drives over the plain of Broussa to the small villages which dot it over in almost every direction. One very pleasant excursion is to a mill, about five miles distant, which, being painted white, is visible from the town, and looms out largely on the plain. To reach it you must drive through a Turkish village of entirely primitive population and habits. This village can boast the largest and fiercest sheep-dogs, and the most thoroughly Mussulman in their hatred of the stranger and infidel, that it has ever been my lot to encounter in my wanderings through the East. Sighting

our coming from afar off, three or four of these savage creatures came galloping up, barking with fury, and striving to leap into the open carriage to seize us; their sharp fangs displayed like those of wolves, which animals they greatly resembled. Had we been on foot it would have fared ill with us, for there was no one visible to call them off from their quarry; and our coachman's whip and my own cane had to be liberally used, to keep their attentions from being too pressing and particular.

The village seemed as wild and uncared-for as the dogs, and in its sights and sounds recalled the back slums of Constantinople to our emancipated senses.

We passed on by imperfectly-constructed roads straight for the mill, and found it to be a most picturesque spot when we reached it, and the place and its surroundings beautifully clean and well-cared for. A brawling brook with a rustic bridge spanning it turned a huge water-wheel, and the main building was a flour-mill, owned

and directed by a wealthy Greek family of Broussa. We were hospitably welcomed by the young man who was in charge, who offered us refreshments, and showed us over the mill. From his window was to be had a charming view of Broussa, Mount Olympus, and the plain; and it would be well worth an artist's while to pass a day or two there to sketch that view, and take it away with him. But the water-power was utilised for another and very different purpose than the grinding of flour.

Under the same roof, at the opposite side of the building, was a room devoted to the polishing of diamonds, under the direction of a special agent of a great French house; and here, in this remote and solitary spot, the work was going briskly on. The young man in charge we first took to be a Frenchman, as he spoke fluently in that language; but he proved to be an Armenian, and spoke English equally well, having passed three years in America. He was an intelligent young man, a graduate of the American Roberts

College on the Bosphorus, and explained to us the process of diamond-cutting and polishing on which he was engaged. It was a very simple process: the diamond was fastened in a vice on a table, and an endless band, moved by the water-power of the mill, passed the polishing instrument applied to the different facets of the stone, over its surface, as it was turned by the hand of the worker. I believe emery was used as the polishing medium, and small cutting instruments were employed.

The reason assigned for bringing diamonds from Europe to this out-of-the-way place was, the cheapness and abundance of the labour to be found there; the work being one requiring but little instruction or dexterity. Our young Armenio-American told us he employed young girls, almost children (Christian, of course), and gave them piastres as payment for work for which French lads would have to be paid in francs.

It therefore paid the Parisian diamond mer-

chant to have the work done so many thousands of miles away, at this lonely mill in Asia Minor. The safety with which the work can be prosecuted, and such values left in this solitary and unprotected place, speak volumes for the honesty and peaceful character of the surrounding population, who are very poor, and who certainly cannot be ignorant of the character of the work done. Such property would be safe on no heath, near any town enjoying the blessings of Christian civilization; but would require an armed guard day and night to protect it.

The diamond polisher, who well knew the country and the people, only smiled when we mentioned the possibility of danger to himself and his precious wares from his neighbours, or from any of the people of the vilayet. Such a peril seemed never to have occurred to his mind; and he had been successfully prosecuting his business unmolested, for more than two years before our visit to him.

Another mill we visited was devoted to the

preparation of wood veneering for furniture, out of the native woods, walnut and others.

This industry was prosecuted by a Frenchman, and the specimens of his work shown us were very beautiful. He supplies the European market. He has also devoted himself to the preparation of different kinds of wine—red and white—from the grapes of the country, and has been very successful in his efforts.

His white wine might easily be mistaken for Chablis, or some of the lighter Rhine wines. Most of the native wine made by the Greeks, and in general consumption by the Christian population, is boiled, and resin put into it, which gives it a harsh and astringent taste, very unpalatable to those unaccustomed to it.

This Frenchman follows the French process: uses no such medium, and gives pure juice of the grape, so that his wines are much superior to those of his competitors. He told us he had standing orders from English and French wine merchants for his wines, and depôts at London

and Paris, and could greatly increase his export but for the costs and charges of the Turkish Custom House, both at Moudania and Stamboul. These taxed him so heavily as to leave but a very small margin of profit on arriving in Europe.

Another excursion which we made was to an American female school for young children, picturesquely situated on the mountain slope on the outskirts of Broussa. During the passage to Moudania on the steamer, we had encountered three ladies who spoke English—a matron and two young girls—and, conversing with them, learned that three years before, they had established a school for young Christian girls of different nationalities at Broussa; and then had upwards of a hundred pupils. We visited the school, and were greatly pleased with the order and progress which characterised everything connected with it and its enterprising conductors, who had journeyed to this out-of-the-way nook of the world from far-off America, under the inspiration of duty, and led

the life of hermits on this lonely mountain-side, teaching the little children of aliens to them in race, blood, and country, with only the connecting link of being Christians. They took us into the schoolroom, where the classes were being taught, and made several of the little girls recite, play, and sing for us, which they did very well. There were about a hundred of them in all, of different nationalities, as their faces and personal characteristics testified. The Armenians, they told us, were the cleverest. I believe the great majority were day scholars, though they had some boarders lodging in the house.

## The Ascent of Mount Olympus.

The ascent of Mount Olympus, at the proper season, is now a much easier task than Miss Pardoe found it thirty years ago. She has described it very graphically in her "City of the Sultan," and the natural features, of course, remain the same, although the improved roads and

facilities of ascent now reduce the time to about six hours for ascension and return. The views are magnificent from the summit, and from the successive plateaux by which you gradually mount, until reaching the last stiff bit near the very summit, which you accomplish on foot with much scrambling; the rest of the road can be done on horseback. Carriages cannot go up beyond the first plateau, on which stands the citadel.

Although the soil is rocky, and based on granite, the vegetation is luxurious and verdant up to the first plateau, and for two hours you pass through a forest of oak, beech, and pine; after that you reach a region where huge rocks dispute the space with the sparse and comparatively stunted trees, especially on the southern sides of the mountain. The second plateau, with a small lake, surrounded with large oaks, makes an oasis in the rocky waste, and breaks its mournful monotony of rocks and barren desolation. The trout caught in this lake are of rare excellence,

and greatly prized by those so fortunate as to secure them.

To the third plateau is but a short distance of rough climbing, and then you are near the summit. Here you dismount, if on horseback, take your pilgrim staff firmly in your hand, and scramble up as best you may, to where two conical peaks tower up on high above your head, almost perpendicularly, as it seems. And a hard scramble it is, among slippery and shifting stones, with a hot sun beating on your head, and with many slips backwards, which make your "Love's labour lost." Bathed in perspiration, powdered with dust, with swollen and aching feet, you stumble up at last, and feel fully recompensed when breath and comfort come back to you on the summit. For this splendid panoramic view embraces the two Seas of Marmora and the Black Sea, as well as a distant outline of the Bosphorus and Stamboul, with towering mountain ranges in sight, and the peaceful plain, in which nestle many villages spread out below. Farther

you have glimpses of the vast plains of Bithynia, and of the historic Troad. The mountain, like the town it shelters, has had a most strangely diversified history—the "home of lost Gods" originally, in those Pagan days when every fountain had its Naiad, every tree its Dryad. In the earlier days of the Moslem occupation of Broussa, and even before its siege and capture, Olympus was the haunt of fanatical Mussulman Dervishes, or hermits, who in the austerity and rigour of their lives imitated and rivalled those of Christian hermits, whose caves and whose bones are still to be seen in all the waste places of the East, from the wilderness of Engaddi to those of Egypt. Dervishes, Santons, half-crazed enthusiasts dwelt in the rocks and crevices of the mountain, absorbed in pious meditation, and revered as Saints; and their cells and burying places are still shown the traveller from distant lands, at that time barbarous and unknown to the then masters of the world. One of these hermits, Gheikli Baba (Father of the Deer), tradition tells

us, assisted Orkhan in the siege of Broussa; heading the assault mounted on a stag, wielding a sword weighing two hundred pounds—more or less—with which he performed prodigies of valour, and astounded the defenders, as well he might. Another performed the *rôle* of an Oriental St. Patrick, destroying the huge serpents which infested the mountains, with a still huger wooden sword. He too figured at the siege of Broussa. These holy men were succeeded, in later days, by personages of a totally different character and mode of life, but public characters as well. Of late years, until suppressed by the vigorous hand of Ahmed Vefyk Pacha, the brigands made Olympus their haunt, and levied black mail mercilessly, and with as high a hand as ever did feudal baron of the Middle Ages. Most of the famous brigands were Greeks, although Turkish ones also attained high celebrity. Those who refused ransom they killed, and, as in About's *Roi des Montagnes*, the gendarmes, and even the authorities, were accused often of being in league

with these audacious and cruel depredators, who robbed the rich, but secured the sympathy and support of the poor peasants—their friends—often their accomplices. Women were frequently associated with these bands, and the names of some had as evil a repute as those of the men.

Even now the country people repeat the stories of the more famous brigands, with a mixture of terror and admiration, as Homer would recount the exploits of his heroes; but, like the early Christian hermits, their modern imitators, the bandits, have left the mountain to its solitude; and the peaceful goat now browses where piety and its opposite formerly occupied the cliffs, crags and gorges of Olympus. So, from this airy perch we bid a lingering adieu to Broussa, in the hope of again visiting its mountains, city and plain.

## BROUSSA HALF A CENTURY AGO, AS MARSHAL VON MOLTKE SAW IT.

Just half a century ago the man who "knows how to be silent in seven languages," since world-renowned as Marshal von Moltke, while temporarily in the service of the "Grand Turk," visited Broussa, and has recorded his impressions with great force and fidelity. After the Franco-German War, which made his name illustrious, his letters from the East were reproduced at Paris, and from them we see how unchangeable is the East; for they might have been written a year ago, in as far as the chief features of the country and the people at large are concerned, although the varnish of European externals had not then been laid on at the Sultan's Court, nor the veneering of European cabinets adopted. About the middle of June, 1836, the then young Von Moltke writes to his friends in Prussia from Pera as follows :—

"I have just returned from a short excursion

which I have made into Asia. I ought to write you in verse, for I have ascended Olympus! but as I only mounted the little toe of the giant you must rest content with my prose. After ascending and descending many steep hills, Broussa broke on our view, perched up on the mountain-side, overlooking a green plain stretching from the base of Olympus.

"It is difficult to decide which of the two Ottoman capitals, the earliest or the latest, Broussa or Constantinople, is the more charming. In truth it is hard to say. At Constantinople it is the sea, at Broussa the earth, that enchants you. In the former the surrounding landscape is tinged with blue, in the latter with green.

"From the sombre shades of the thick forests which clothe the flank of Olympus, more than a hundred white cupolas and minarets detach themselves and break the solitude. In winter, the mountain furnishes firewood; in summer, ice for their sherbets. A river, which bears the name of Lotos, traces its sinuous course across

rich prairies, and woods of sombre foliage, plane-trees and sad cypresses; climbing vines twine around their gigantic trunks, embrace their long boughs and descend again to the ground, mixed with other parasitic plants peculiar to this region. Nowhere have I ever seen a country so uniformly green, except from the tower of Lubbenau, which overlooks the river Spree; but here you must add the verdure of the vast plain and the magnificent mountains that hem it in; and everywhere you hear the murmur of the water-courses gurgling from the rocks, the cold by the side of the hot springs. Everywhere you find water throughout the town, and even in the mosques —fountains everywhere. But the beauty diminishes, like everything else in Turkey, on near approach. Constantinople, Adrianople, and Broussa cannot equal in comfort and convenience in their dwellings the smallest German town. There is nothing really imposing but the mosques, the caravanserais, the fountains, and the public baths."

Such is the judgment rendered on Broussa by the famous marshal who visited it fifty years ago.

Externally there has been little, if any, change beyond the extended area of cultivation on the plain, and the kindred extension of the limits and population of the city and villages. But that there has been progress made in the internal conditions of place and people in the interval, the preceding pages, which record the present actualities and future possibilities of the cradle of the Ottoman race, fully attest. So, with pleasant memories of our sojourn at Broussa, half a century after the Field-Marshal's brief visit, we lingeringly and lovingly bid the city of Orkhan adieu!

THE END.

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